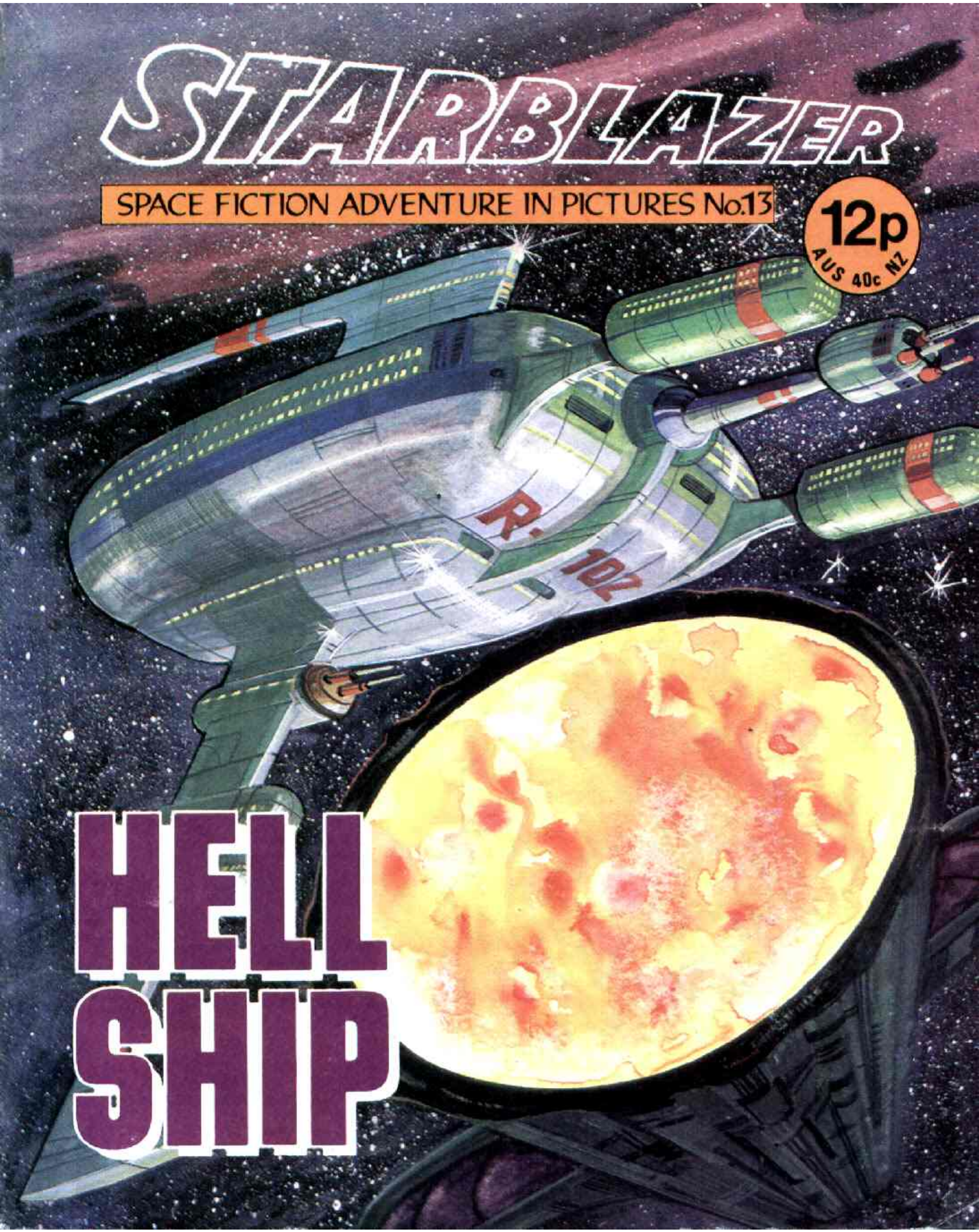
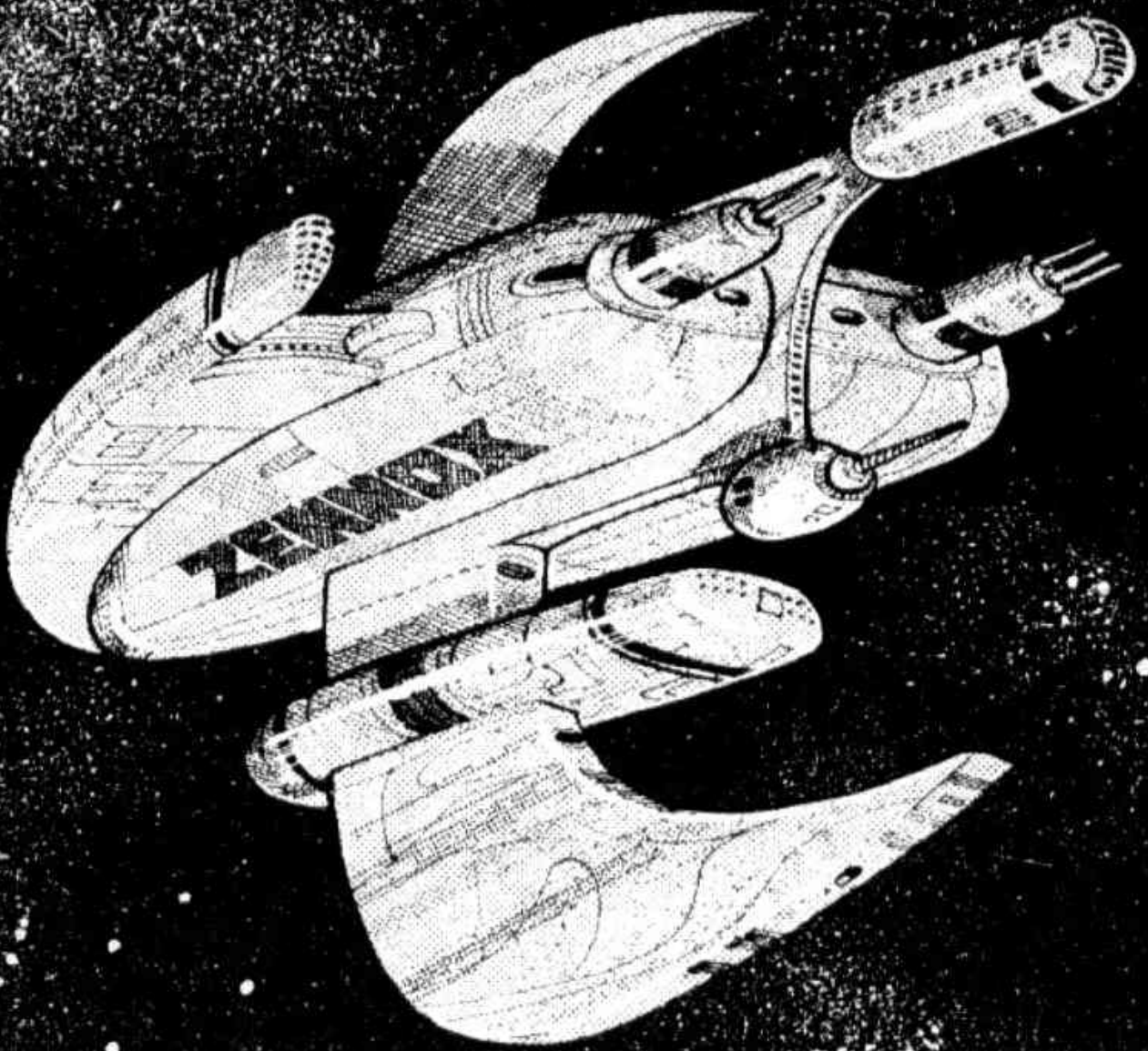

STARBLAZER
SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No.13
12p
AUS 40c NZ
R. 102
HELL SHIP

STARBLAZER
Space travel was hazardous, and accidents did happen. Usually there was wreckage, or a survivor to tell the tale. But in the Andromeda Triangle, starships were vanishing without trace—no survivors, no wreckage. . .

HELL SHIP



THE BATTLE CRUISER ZENNOX EMERGED FROM TIME-WARP JUST OUTSIDE THE AREA OF SPACE KNOWN AS THE ANDROMEDA TRIANGLE. ON BOARD THE CAPTAIN GAVE A FINAL BRIEFING TO HIS TWO TOP TROUBLE-SHOOTERS WHO WOULD CONTINUE THE MISSION INTO THE TRIANGLE . . .

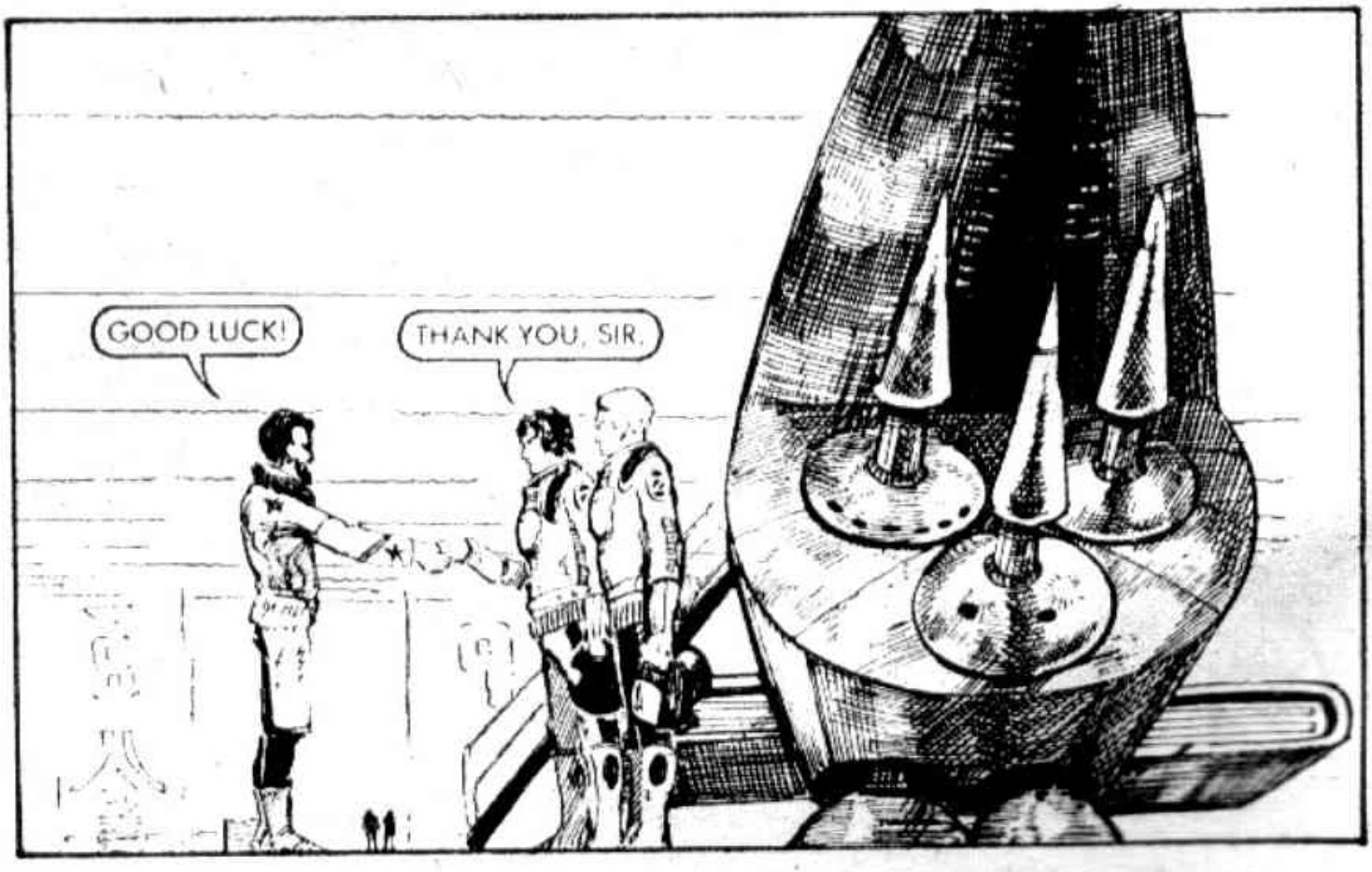
THIS IS AS FAR AS I DARE TAKE THE ZENNOX. IT'S YOUR PARTY FROM NOW ON. WE MUST DISCOVER WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE.

IN THE LAST ONE HUNDRED EARTH DAYS, FORTY STAR SHIPS HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THIS SECTOR WITHOUT TRACE — A POSSIBLE LOSS OF OVER THREE THOUSAND LIVES!

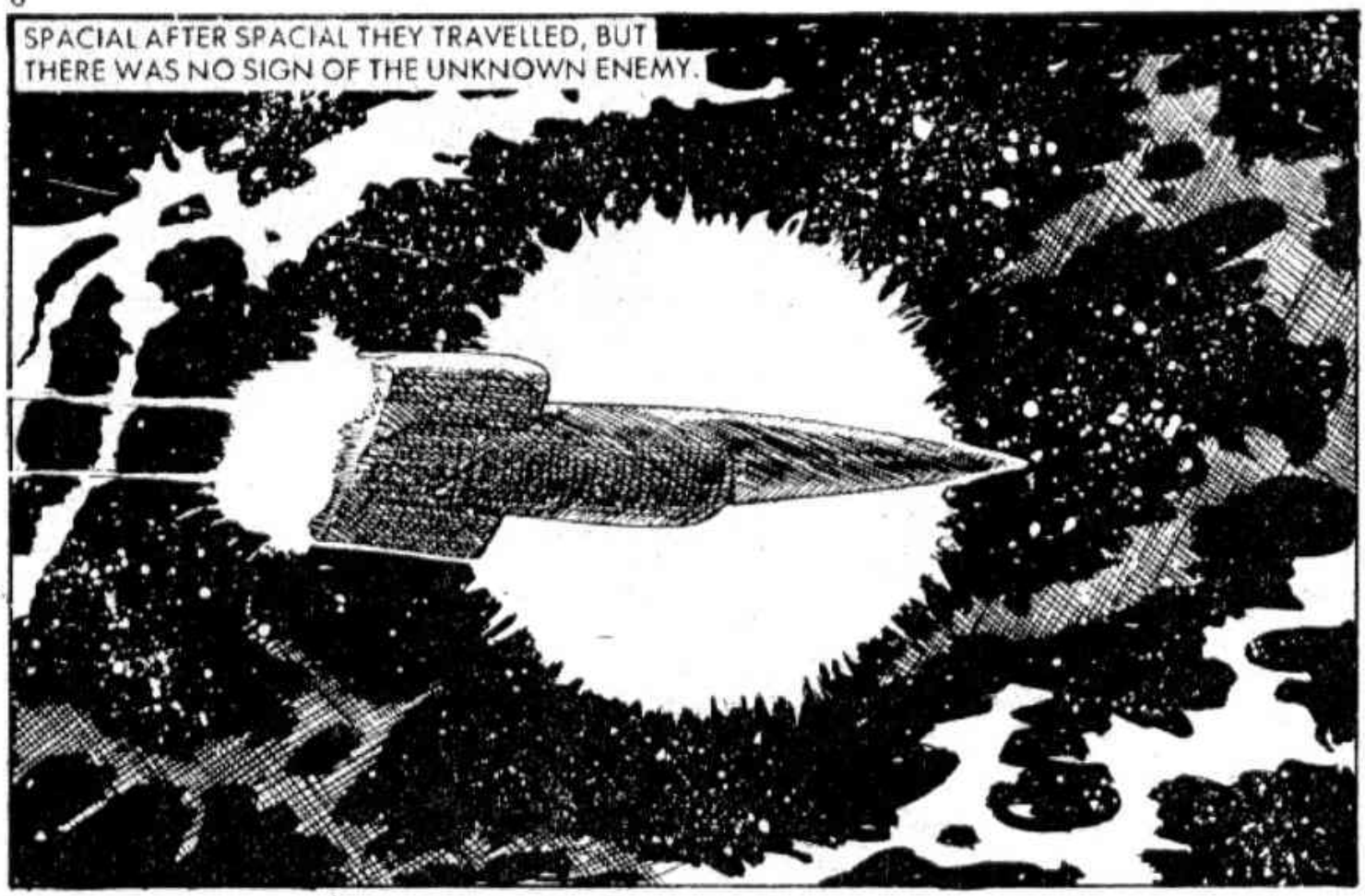
DO WE KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THE SHIPS DISAPPEAR?
NO, RORK! JUST SOMEWHERE HERE. EVEN ROBOT PROBES VANISH WITHOUT TRACE.

YOU WANT BRAM AND MYSELF TO FIND WHATEVER IS CAUSING THE TROUBLE?
YES! WE'VE RIGGED A CLASS 'A' STAR FIGHTER FOR YOUR USE. WE'RE HOPING THAT ITS SPEED AND SMALL SIZE WILL HELP YOU WHERE TWO CRUISERS HAVE ALREADY FAILED!

THE POWER/MASS RATIO IS UNEQUALLED IN THE GALAXY. THERE'S A ZERON CANNON IN THE BELLY POD AND IT CAN ATOMISE A PLANET!

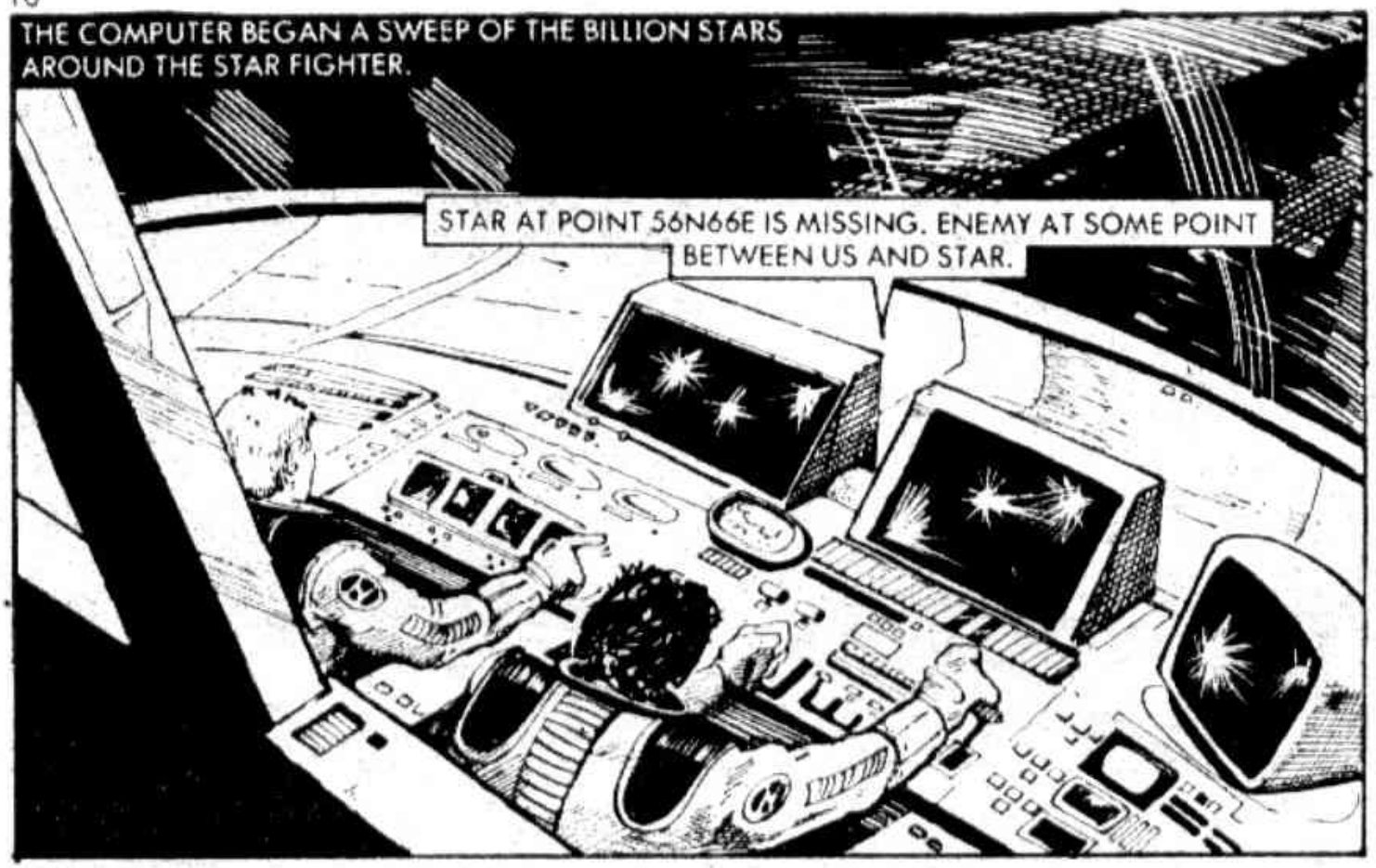

GOOD LUCK!
THANK YOU, SIR.

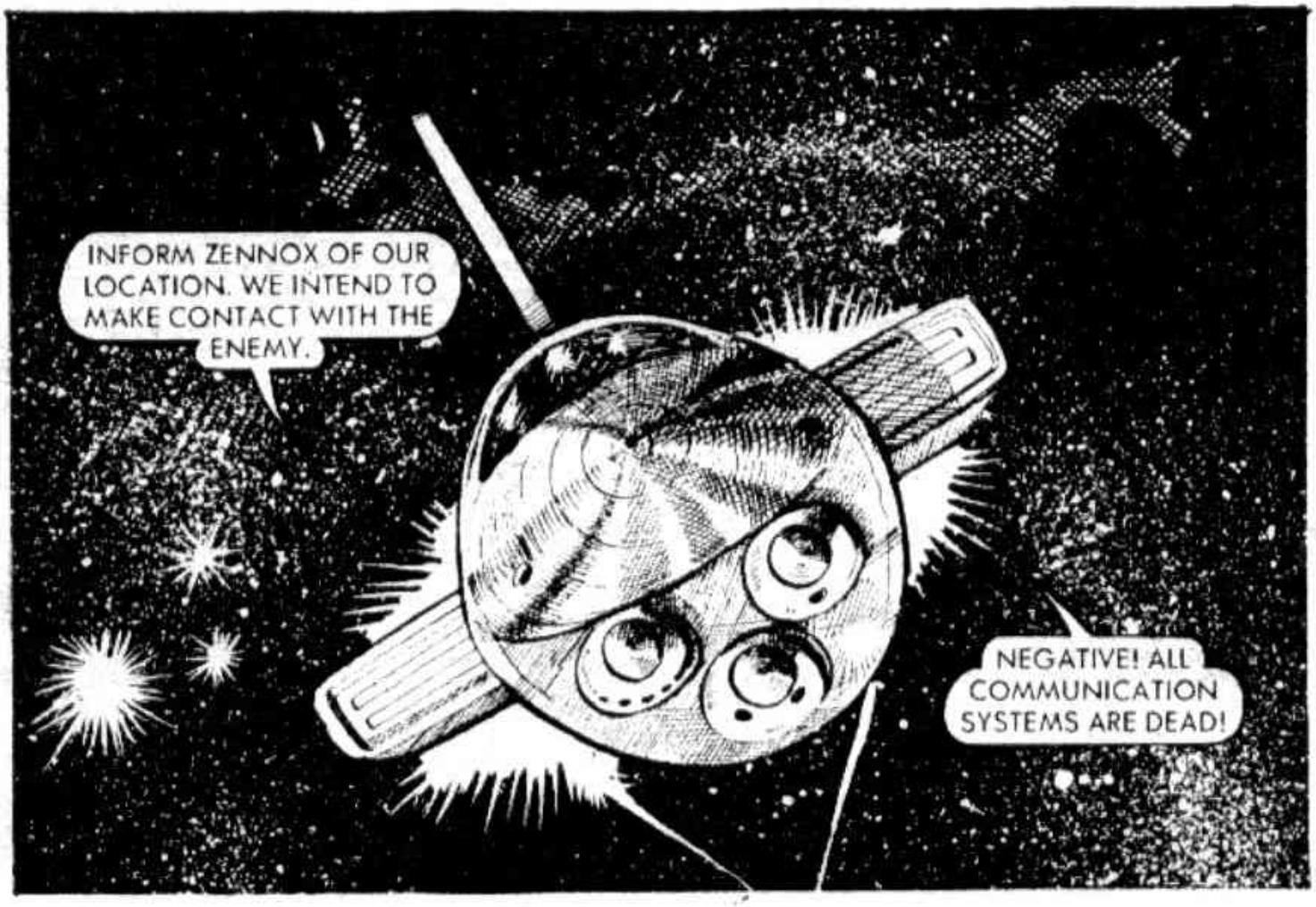
MINUTES LATER THE STAR FIGHTER WAS BLASTING AWAY FROM THE ZENNOX AND OUT INTO THE ANDROMEDA TRIANGLE.
WHERE SHALL WE GO FIRST, RORK?
ANYWHERE! WHATEVER'S OUT THERE IS DOING THE HUNTING! WE'RE JUST BAIT!
POISON BAIT, I HOPE!


SPACIAL AFTER SPACIAL THEY TRAVELLED, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE UNKNOWN ENEMY.

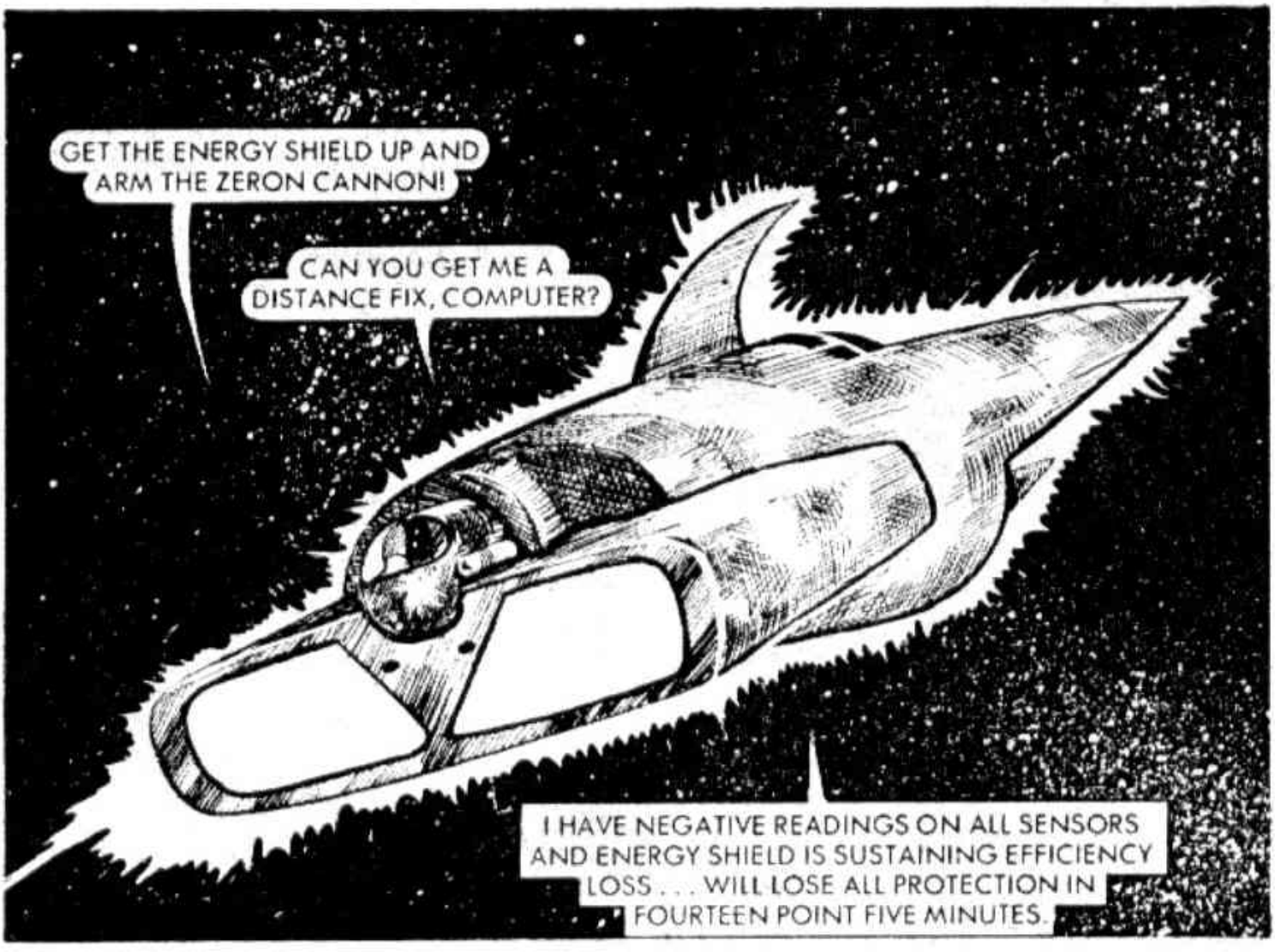
HAVE YOU LOCATED ANY UNUSUAL OBJECTS ON YOUR SENSORS, COMPUTER?
THERE IS NOTHING I CANNOT IDENTIFY.
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE TO IDENTIFY.

THAT'S IT, BRAM. YOU'RE A GENIUS! THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE— THAT'S WHAT WE SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.
WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THE SENSORS CAN RECOGNISE. SUPPOSE THE ' THING ' IS INVISIBLE—SITTING IN A TIME VACUUM.
IT WOULDN'T REGISTER ON THE SENSORS.
BUT IT WOULD CAST A TIME ' SHADOW ' THAT WOULD BLOT OUT ANYTHING BEHIND IT. SO WE CRUISE AROUND GETTING THE COMPUTER TO LOOK FOR A STAR THAT SHOULD BE THERE, BUT ISN'T.

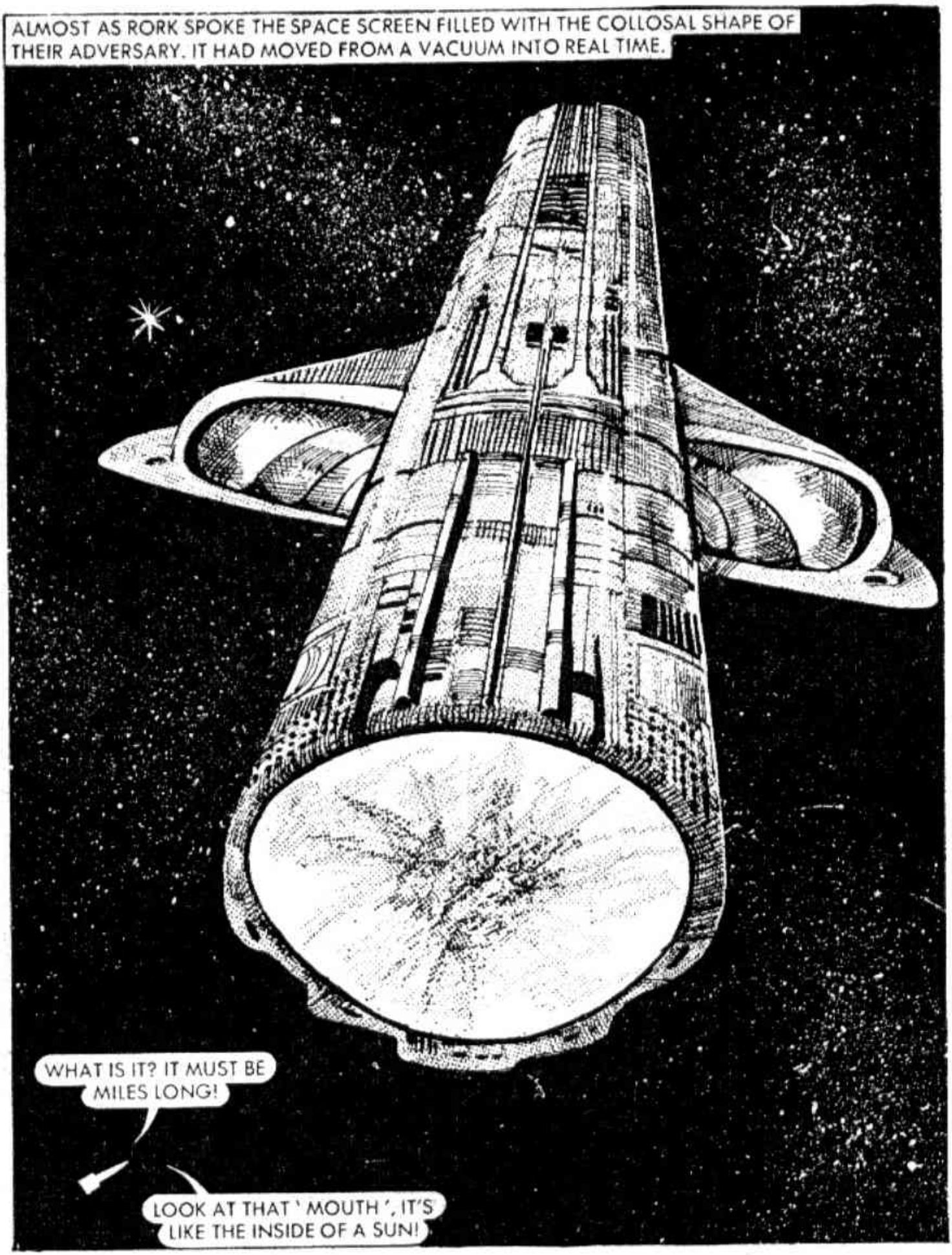

THE COMPUTER BEGAN A SWEEP OF THE BILLION STARS AROUND THE STAR FIGHTER.
STAR AT POINT 56N66E IS MISSING. ENEMY AT SOME POINT BETWEEN US AND STAR.


INFORM ZENNOX OF OUR LOCATION. WE INTEND TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY.
NEGATIVE! ALL COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS ARE DEAD!

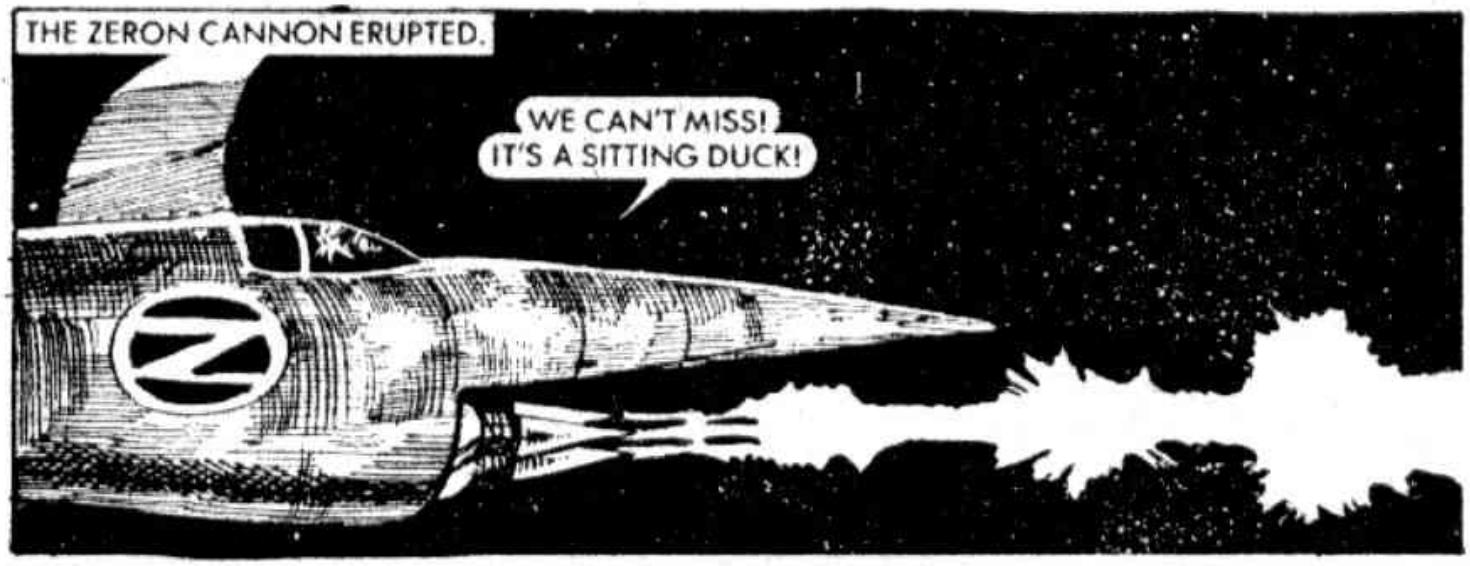
THAT MEANS IT'S FOUND US!

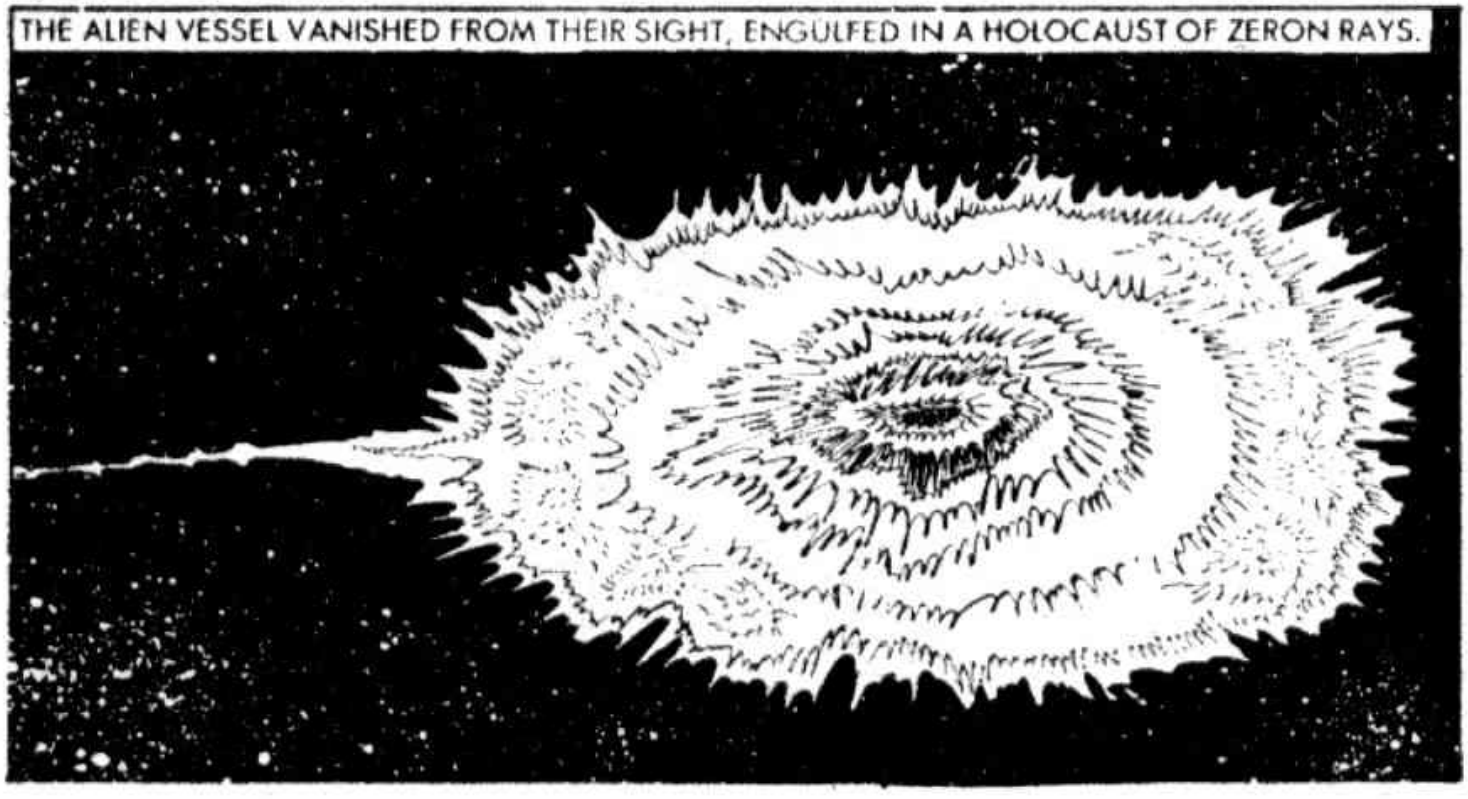

GET THE ENERGY SHIELD UP AND ARM THE ZERON CANNON!
CAN YOU GET ME A DISTANCE FIX, COMPUTER?
I HAVE NEGATIVE READINGS ON ALL SENSORS AND ENERGY SHIELD IS SUSTAINING EFFICIENCY LOSS . . . WILL LOSE ALL PROTECTION IN FOURTEEN POINT FIVE MINUTES.

AND WE'VE JUST LOST ALL MANOEUVERING CONTROL—THE AUTO'S DEAD AND THE MANUAL'S SIEZED SOLID.
WE MUST BE HELD IN A TRACTION BEAM!
THE CANNON SYSTEM IS OK, RORK.
GOOD! KEEP YOUR FINGERS ON THE BUTTON AND GET READY TO BLAST THE MOMENT ANYTHING APPEARS!

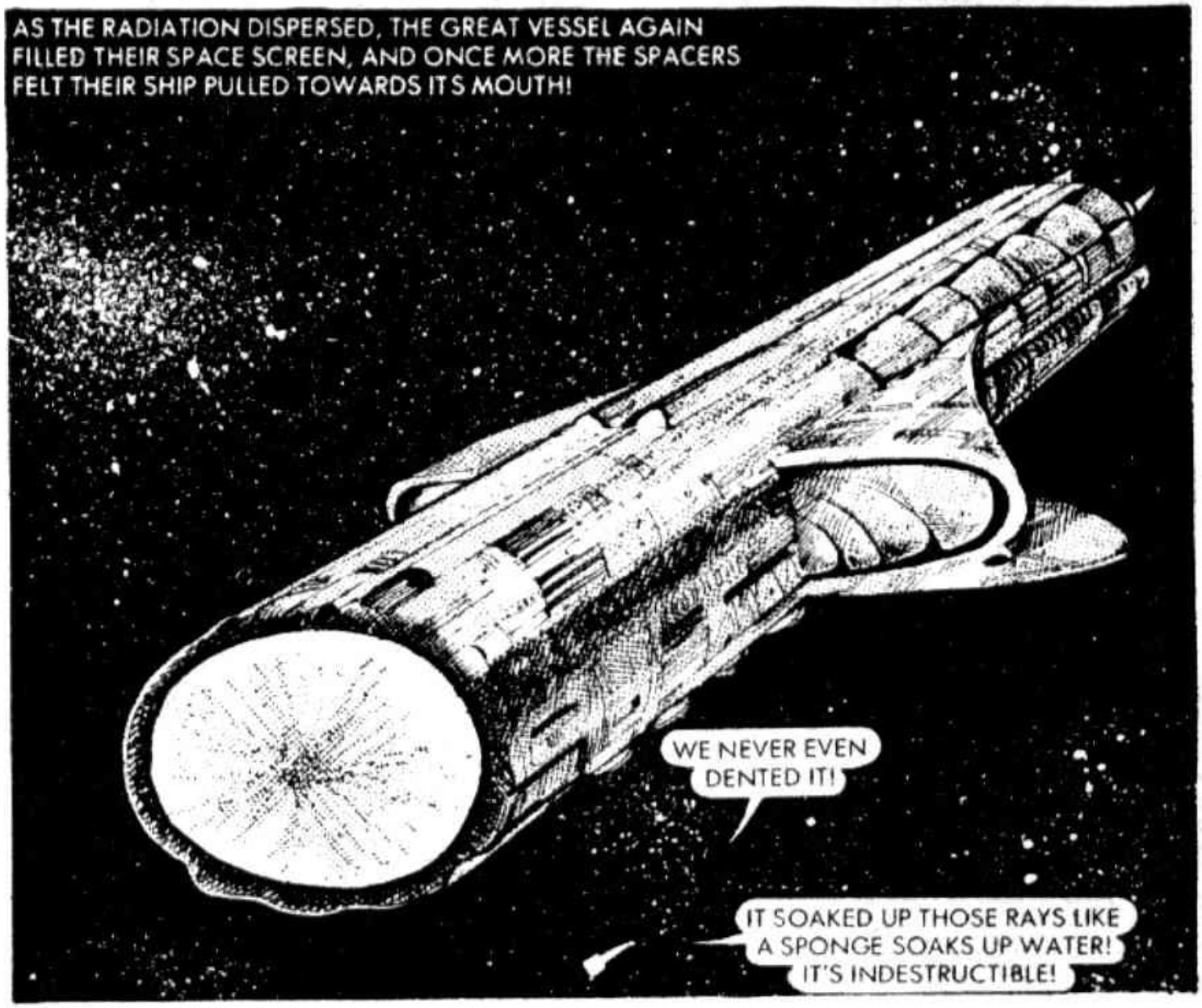

ALMOST AS RORK SPOKE THE SPACE SCREEN FILLED WITH THE COLLOSAL SHAPE OF THEIR ADVERSARY. IT HAD MOVED FROM A VACUUM INTO REAL TIME.
WHAT IS IT? IT MUST BE MILES LONG!
LOOK AT THAT ' MOUTH ', IT'S LIKE THE INSIDE OF A SUN!

IT'S DRAGGING US IN! PUNCH THAT BUTTON!
FIRE!

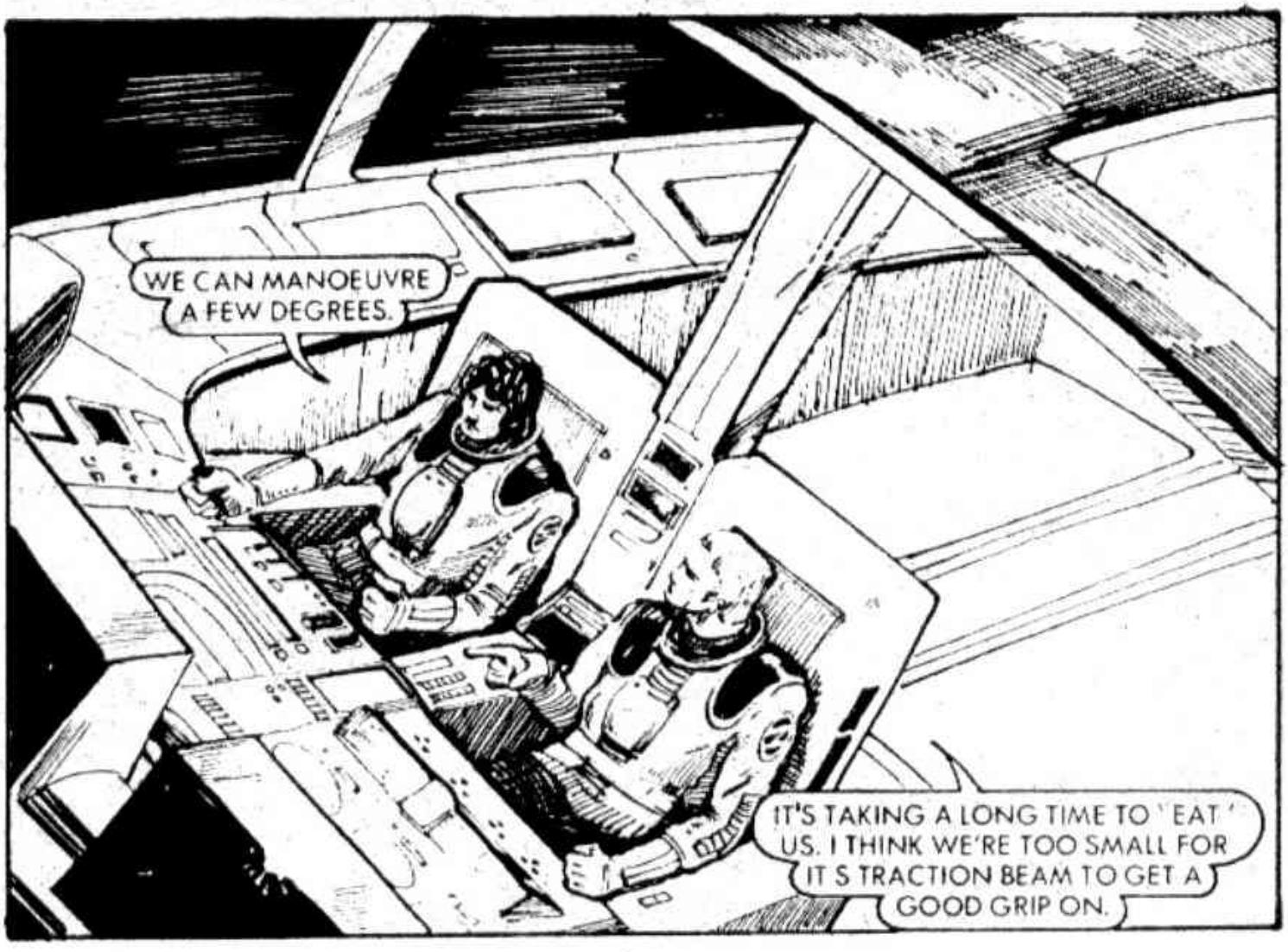

THE ZERON CANNON ERUPTED.
WE CAN'T MISS! IT'S A SITTING DUCK!


THE ALIEN VESSEL VANISHED FROM THEIR SIGHT, ENGULFED IN A HOLOCAUST OF ZERON RAYS.

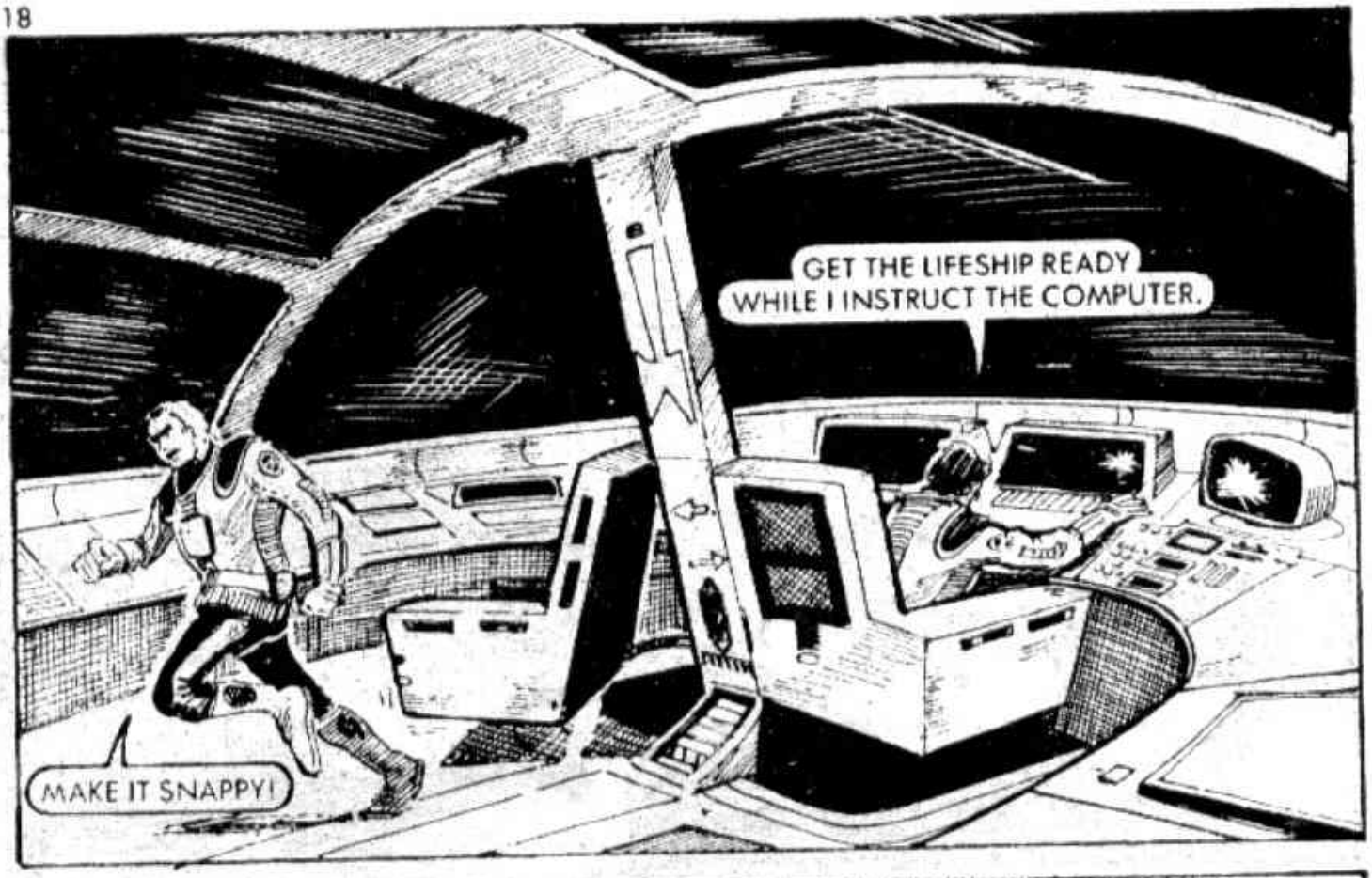
WE'VE DONE IT! MANUAL CONTROL'S COMING BACK!
LOOK!

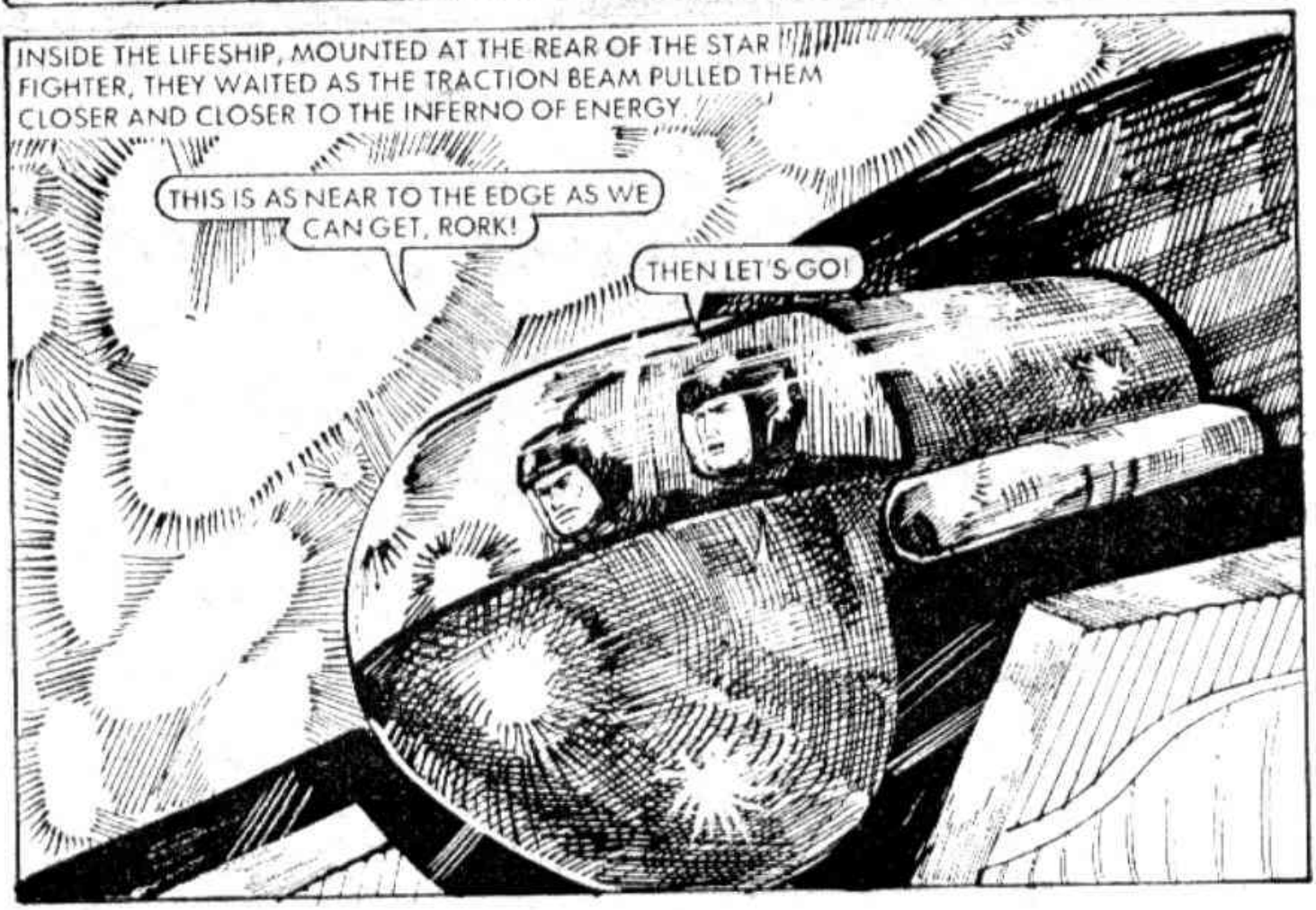

AS THE RADIATION DISPERSED, THE GREAT VESSEL AGAIN FILLED THEIR SPACE SCREEN, AND ONCE MORE THE SPACERS FELT THEIR SHIP PULLED TOWARDS ITS MOUTH!
WE NEVER EVEN DENTED IT!
IT SOAKED UP THOSE RAYS LIKE A SPONGE SOAKS UP WATER! IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!

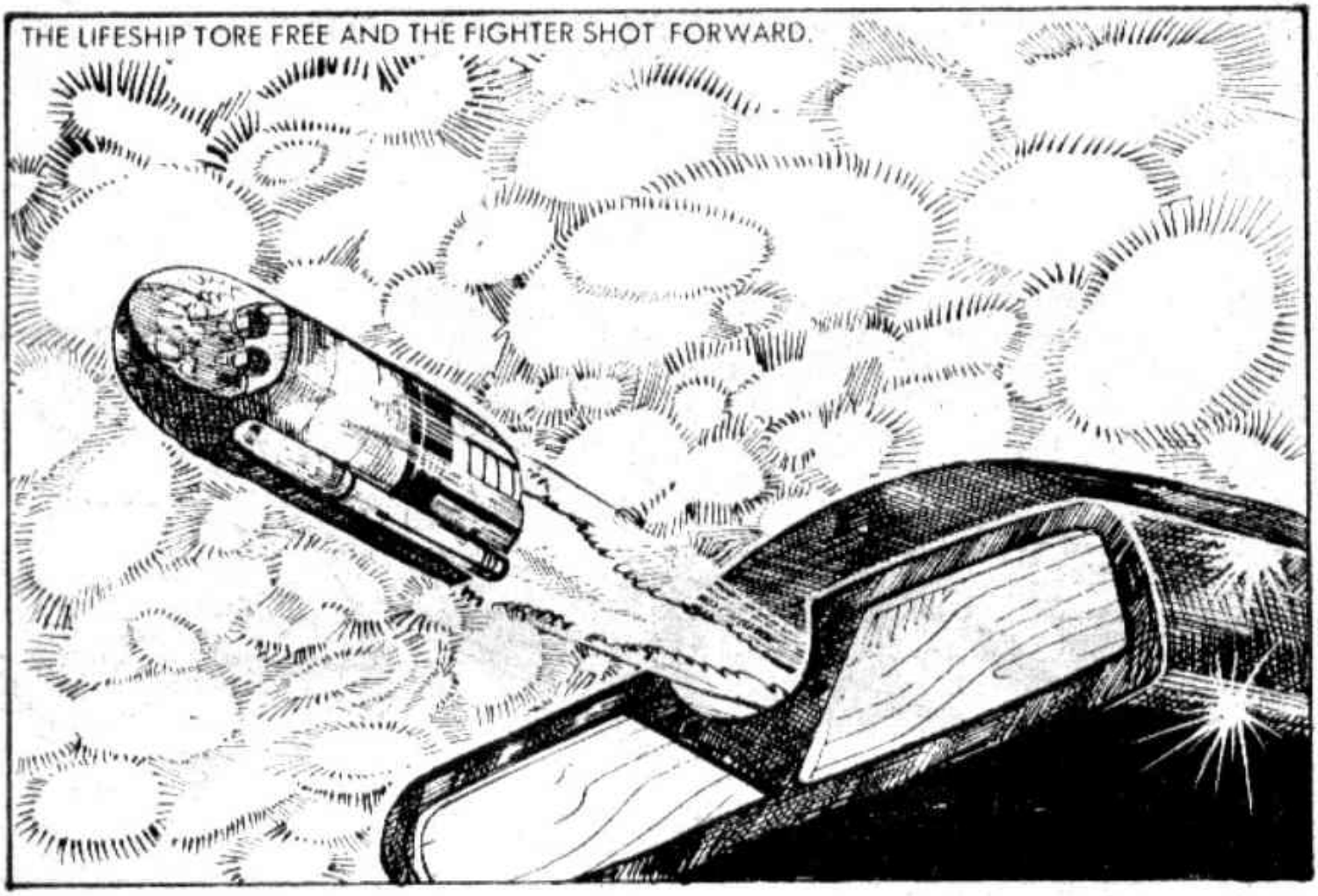
WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW, RORK?
I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE ON FULL RETRO-POWER, BUT THAT THING'S STILL PULLING US IN!
DO WE STILL HAVE MINIMAL MANUAL CONTROL?

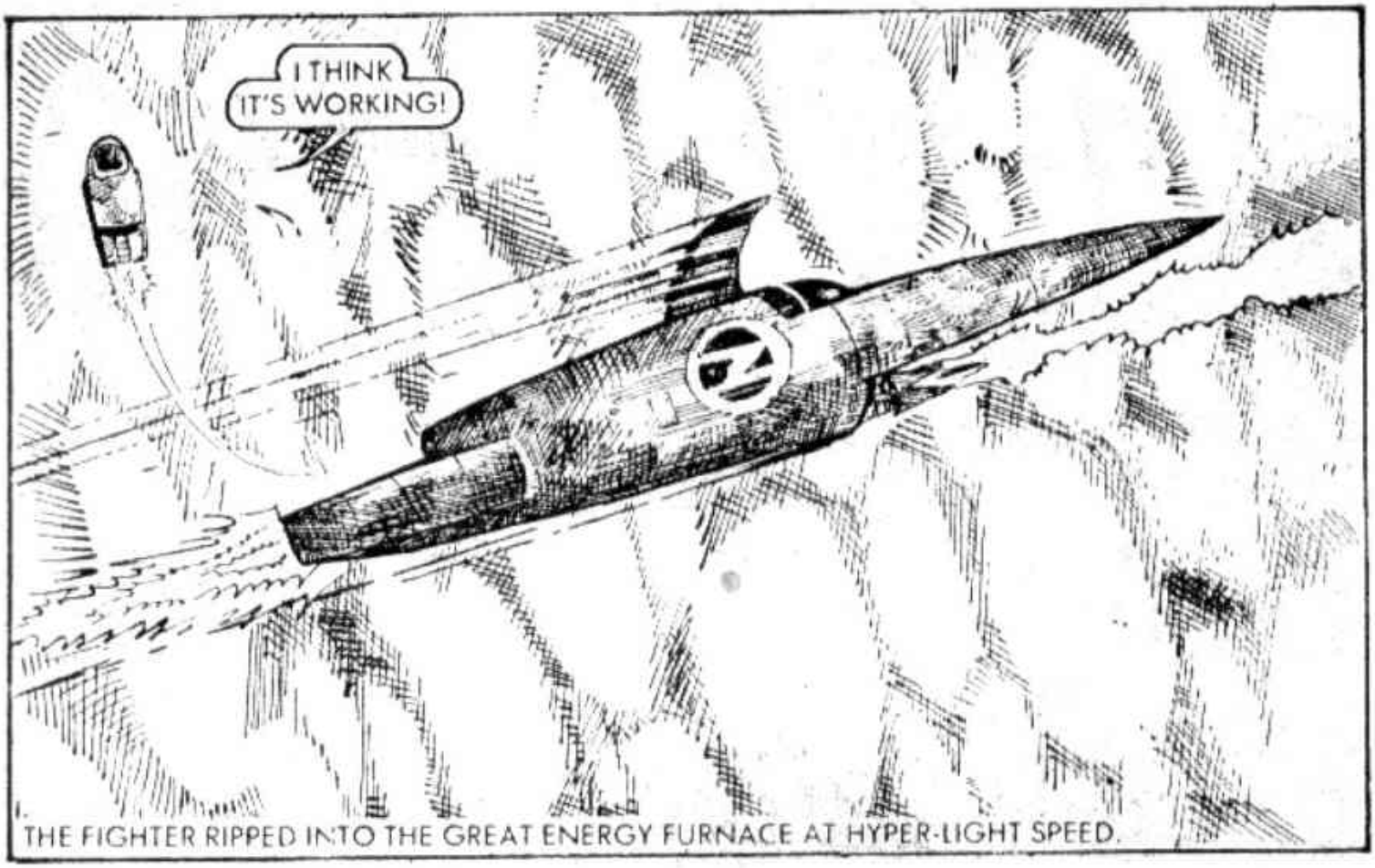

WE CAN MANOEUVRE A FEW DEGREES.
IT'S TAKING A LONG TIME TO 'EAT' US. I THINK WE'RE TOO SMALL FOR IT S TRACTION BEAM TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON.

MAYBE, BUT WE STILL CAN'T BREAK FREE.
WE CAN'T! BUT THE LIFESHIP MIGHT JUST SLIP THROUGH THE NET—IT'S ONLY A FRACTION OF OUR SIZE, BUT ALMOST AS FAST!
GET AS NEAR TO THE 'MOUTH'S' EDGE AS WE CAN. THEN WE GIVE IT SOMETHING TO COUGH ON—LIKE ZERON RAYS AT POINT BLANK.
AND WE ACCELERATE THE STAR FIGHTER INTO THE MOUTH AS WE LEAVE IN THE LIFESHIP!
THE SUDDEN LACK OF RESISTANCE MIGHT CAUSE A MOMENTARY UPSET IN ITS SYSTEM— AND WE COULD MAKE IT TO THE OUTER SKIN OF THE TRACTION BEAM!

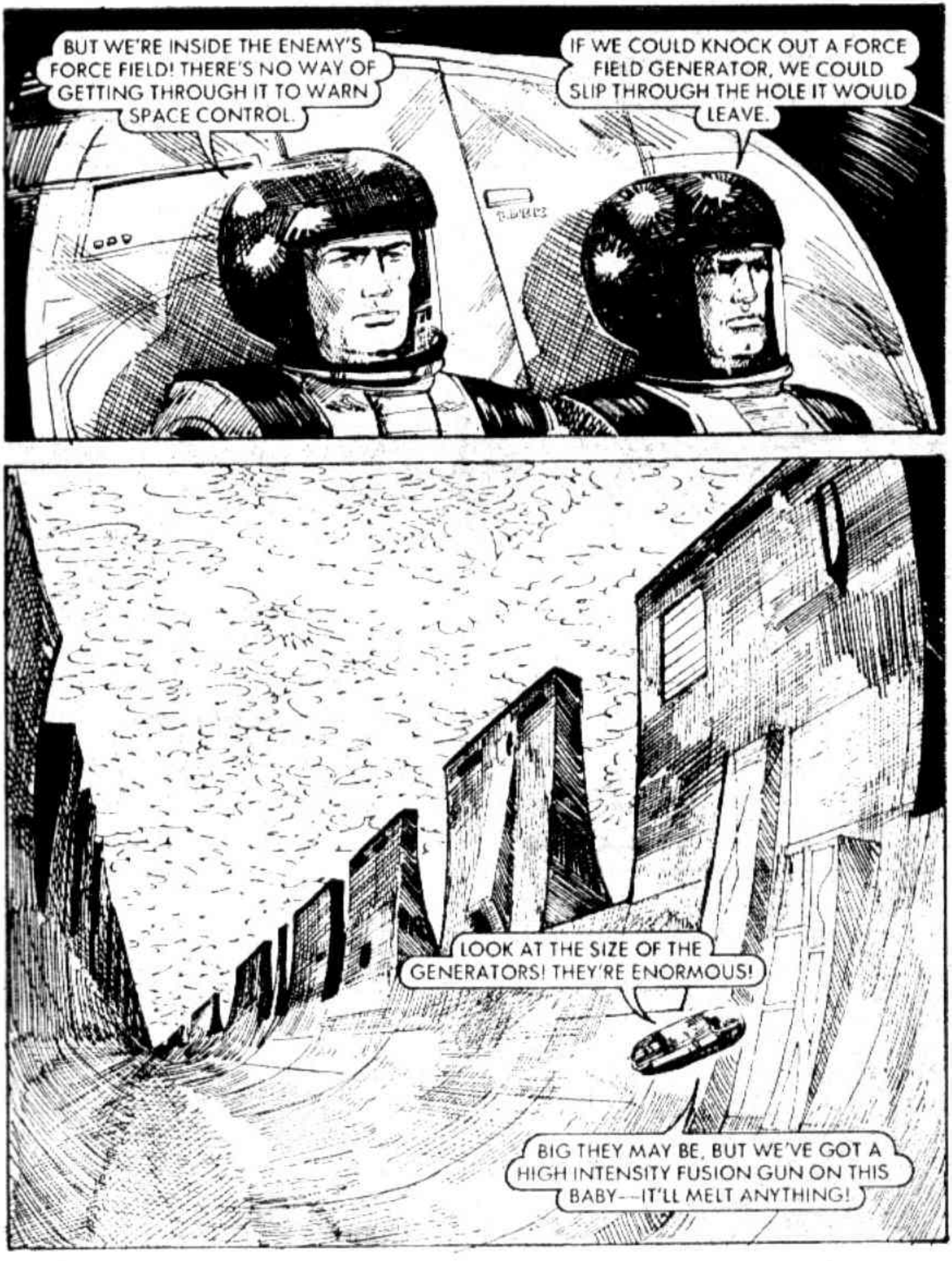

GET THE LIFESHIP READY WHILE I INSTRUCT THE COMPUTER.
MAKE IT SNAPPY!


INSIDE THE LIFESHIP, MOUNTED AT THE REAR OF THE STAR FIGHTER, THEY WAITED AS THE TRACTION BEAM PULLED THEM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE INFERNO OF ENERGY.
THIS IS AS NEAR TO THE EDGE AS WE CAN GET, RORK!
THEN LET'S GO!


THE LIFESHIP TORE FREE AND THE FIGHTER SHOT FORWARD.


I THINK IT'S WORKING!
THE FIGHTER RIPPED INTO THE GREAT ENERGY FURNACE AT HYPER-LIGHT SPEED.

STRANGE FORCES ENCLOSED THE FIGHTER AND DISSOLVED IT TO INDIVIDUAL ATOMS.
AS THE ALIEN SHIP'S FORCES CONCENTRATED ON THE FIGHTER, THE LIFESHIP SLIPPED THROUGH THE FORCE FIELD.
WE'VE DONE IT! WE HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL ON ALL SYSTEMS!

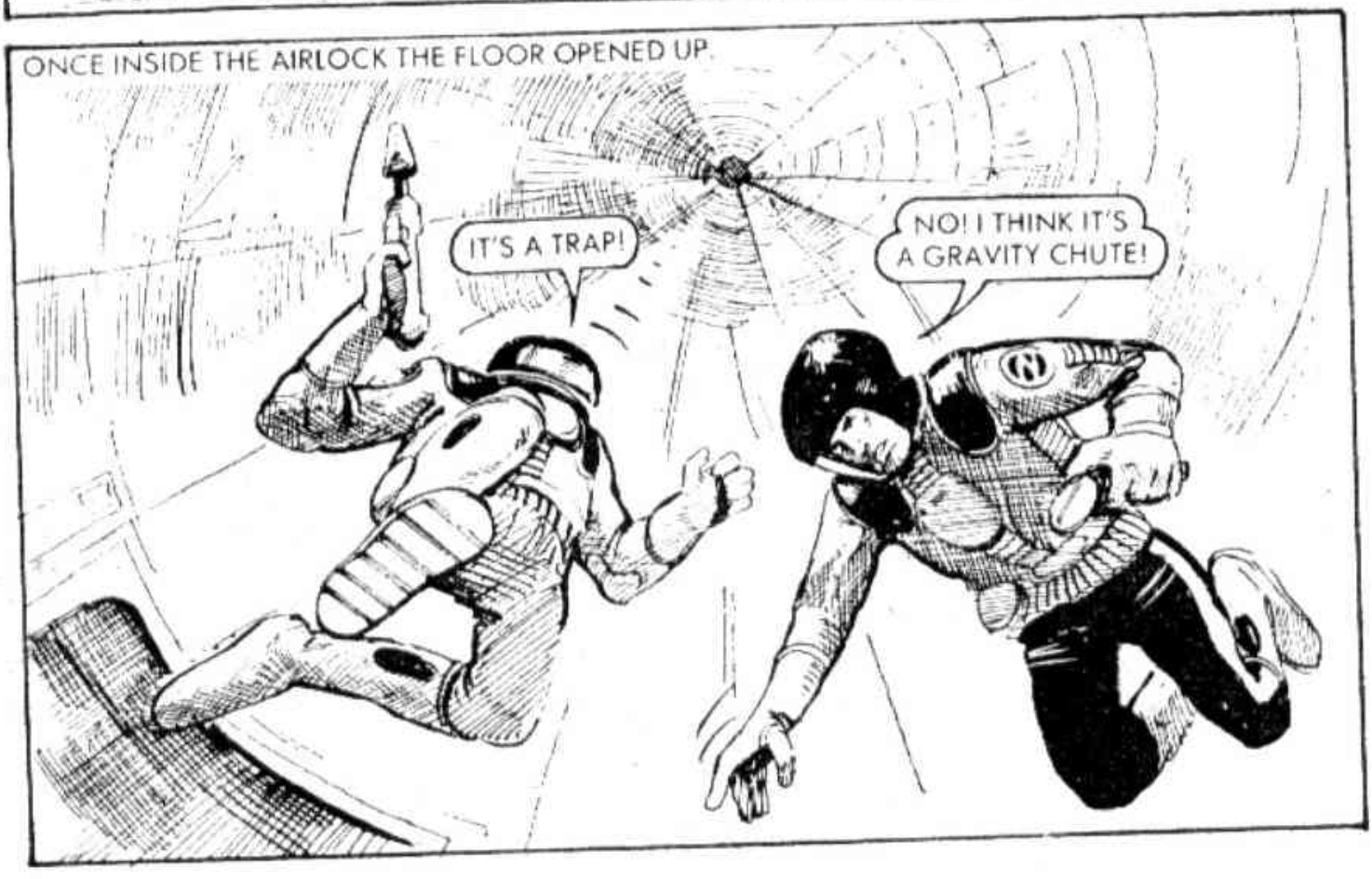

BUT WE'RE INSIDE THE ENEMY'S FORCE FIELD! THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING THROUGH IT TO WARN SPACE CONTROL.
IF WE COULD KNOCK OUT A FORCE FIELD GENERATOR, WE COULD SLIP THROUGH THE HOLE IT WOULD LEAVE.
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE GENERATORS! THEY'RE ENORMOUS!
BIG THEY MAY BE, BUT WE'VE GOT A HIGH INTENSITY FUSION GUN ON THIS BABY--IT'LL MELT ANYTHING!

AT POINT BLANK RANGE RORK BLASTED AT THE METAL SURFACE OF A GENERATOR.
IT'S MELTING.
KILL THE GUN!
THE BLISTER FADED AND THEY STARED IN DISBELIEF AT THE UNMASKED SURFACE BEFORE THEM.
IT'S REPAIRED ITSELF! BUT HOW?

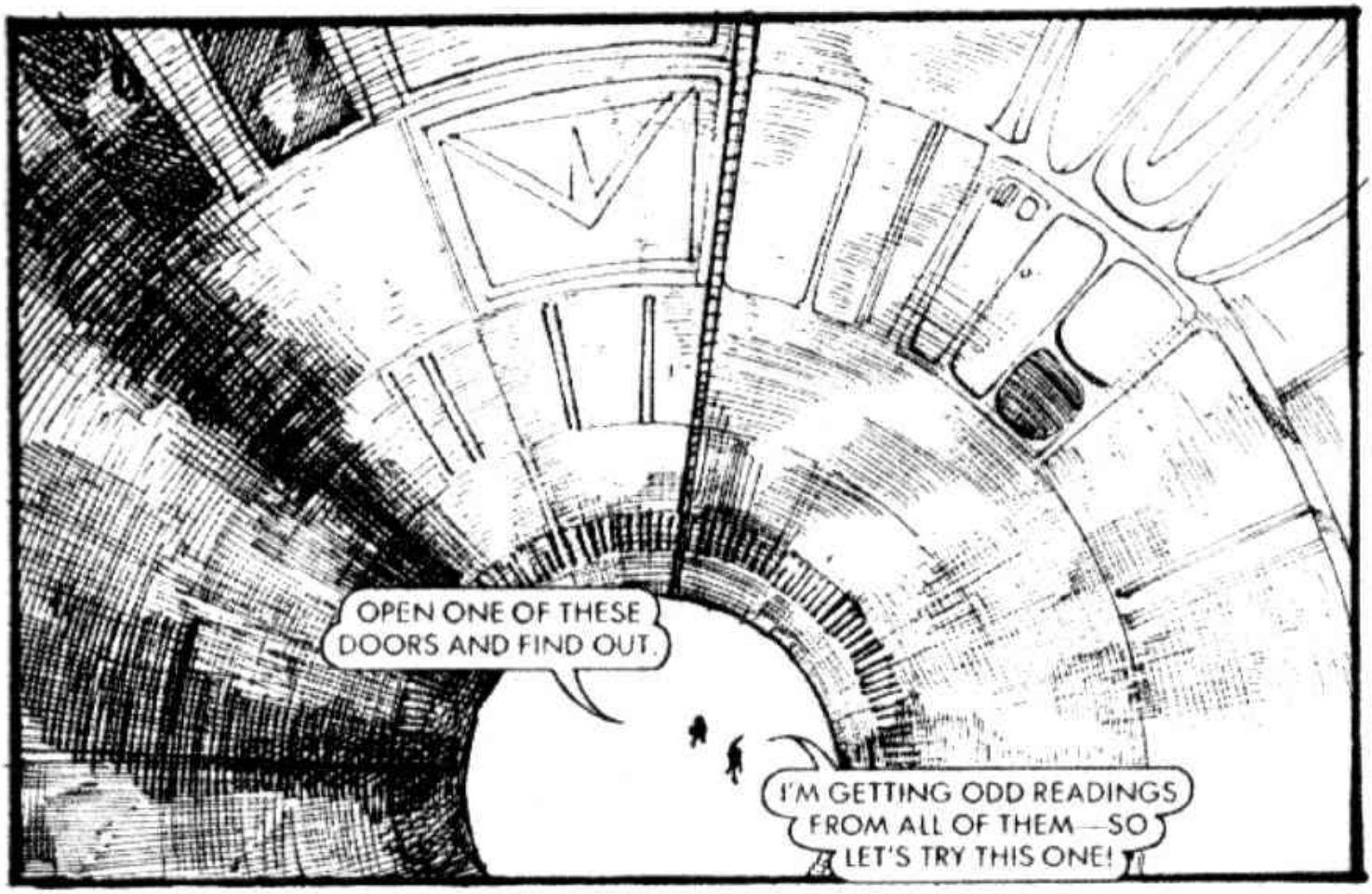
THE METAL MUST BE GENETICALLY CODED TO REPAIR ITSELF.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIND A WAY IN TO THIS TIN-CAN AND SWITCH THE SYSTEM OFF FIRST.

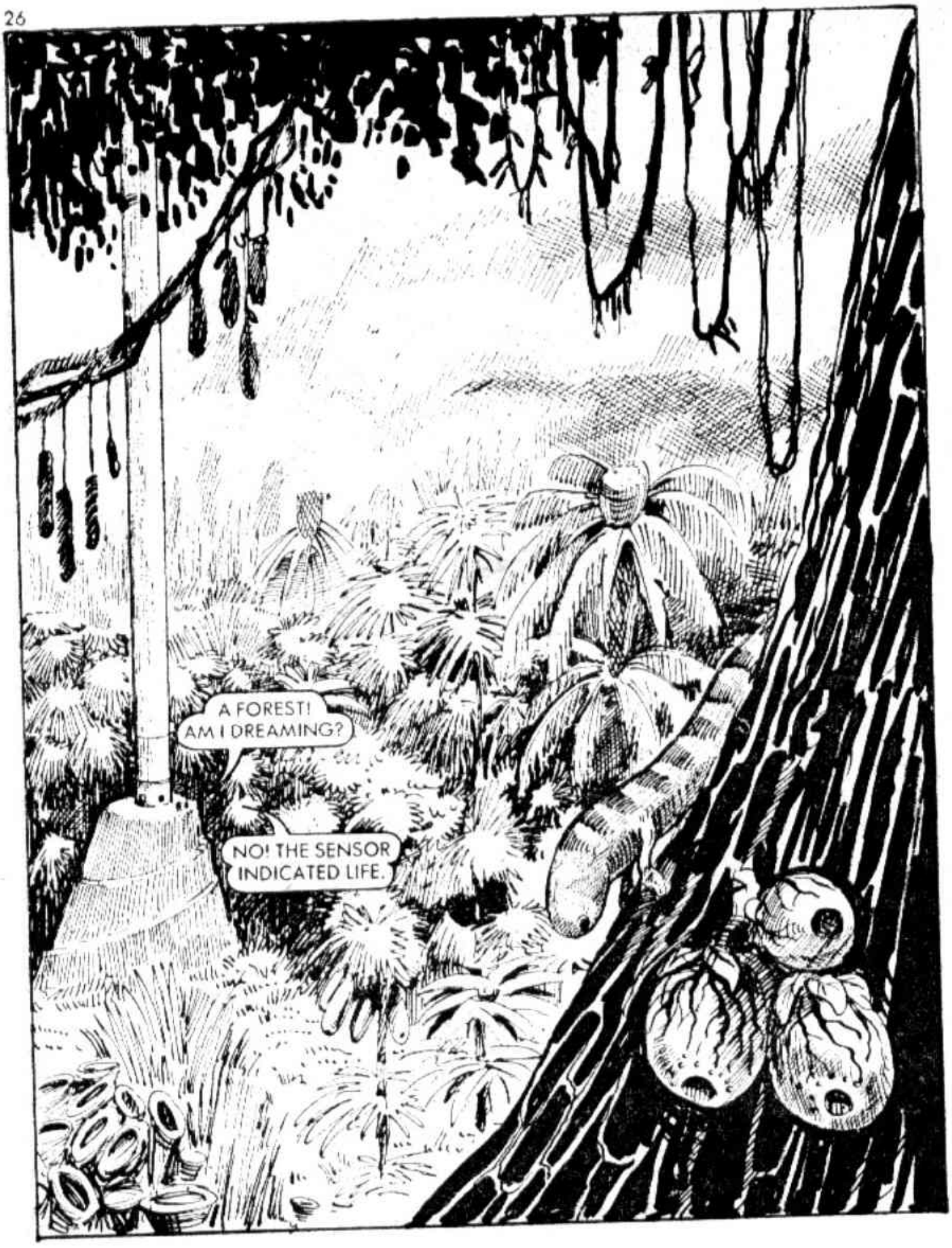
THEY CRUISED ALONG THE CANYONS OF GENERATORS THAT FORESTED THE SURFACE OF THE GIANT SPACE SHIP.
AN AIRLOCK! THE SENSORS SHOW NO LIFE FORMS.
I'LL PUT THE SHIP DOWN.

THE AIRLOCK OPENED AT THEIR APPROACH.
AUTOMATIC OPENING! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT SENSOR. I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED.
ALL CLEAR SO FAR.


ONCE INSIDE THE AIRLOCK THE FLOOR OPENED UP.
IT'S A TRAP!
NO! I THINK IT'S A GRAVITY CHUTE!

A THOUSAND FEET DOWN, THEIR FALL WAS ARRESTED BY A GRAVITY CUSHION.
THAT WAS SOME TRIP!
BUT WHERE ARE WE?


OPEN ONE OF THESE DOORS AND FIND OUT.
I'M GETTING ODD READINGS FROM ALL OF THEM—SO LET'S TRY THIS ONE!

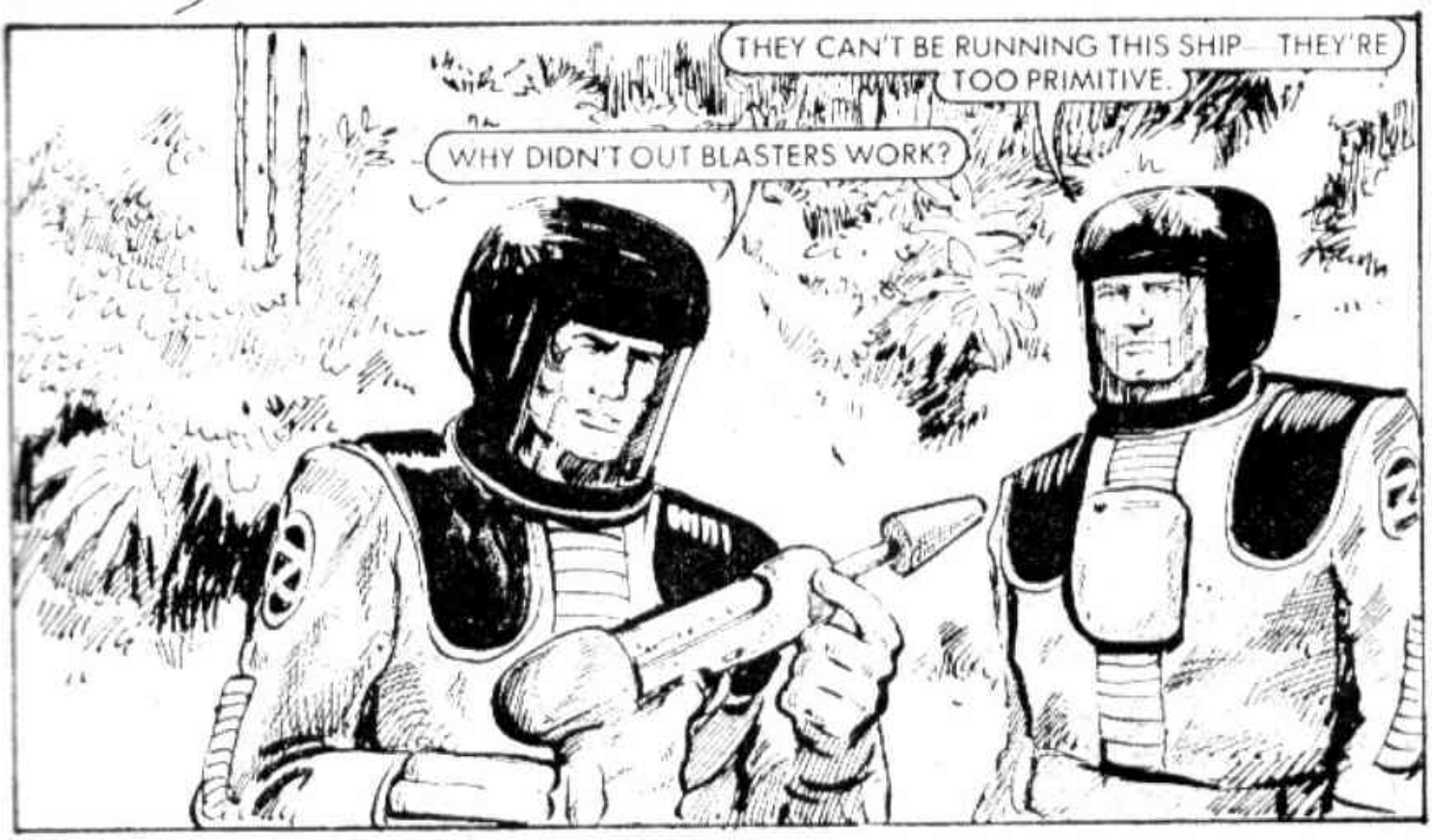

A FOREST! AM I DREAMING?
NO! THE SENSOR INDICATED LIFE.

WHY ALL THE VEGETATION? TO PROVIDE FOOD—OXYGEN, OR WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW. ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN—WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CONTROL COMPLEX. THERE'S AN END TO THE FOREST ABOUT HALF A MILE THAT WAY.

THE TWO SPACERS WARILY BEGAN THEIR WALK THROUGH THE FOREST.
LOOK AT ALL THE FRUIT.
PREEP!
LIFE FORM VERY CLOSE . . . WATCH IT.

WHAT THE . . . ?
BLASTERS ON STUN.
IT DOESN'T WORK!
NEITHER DOES MINE! BUT IT MAKES A GOOD CLUB!

THE LIGHTNING REACTIONS OF THE SPACERS SAVED THEIR LIVES.
THEY'RE HUMANOID! BUT THEY'RE MORE LIKE WILD SAVAGES THAN CIVILISED MEN!


THEY CAN'T BE RUNNING THIS SHIP— THEY'RE TOO PRIMITIVE.
WHY DIDN'T OUT BLASTERS WORK?

SOMETHING HAS NEUTRALISED ALL FORCE WEAPONS.
BUT THEY AREN'T!
THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! RUN FOR IT, RORK!
A HORDE OF THE WIERD BEINGS BURST FROM THE UNDERGROWTH.

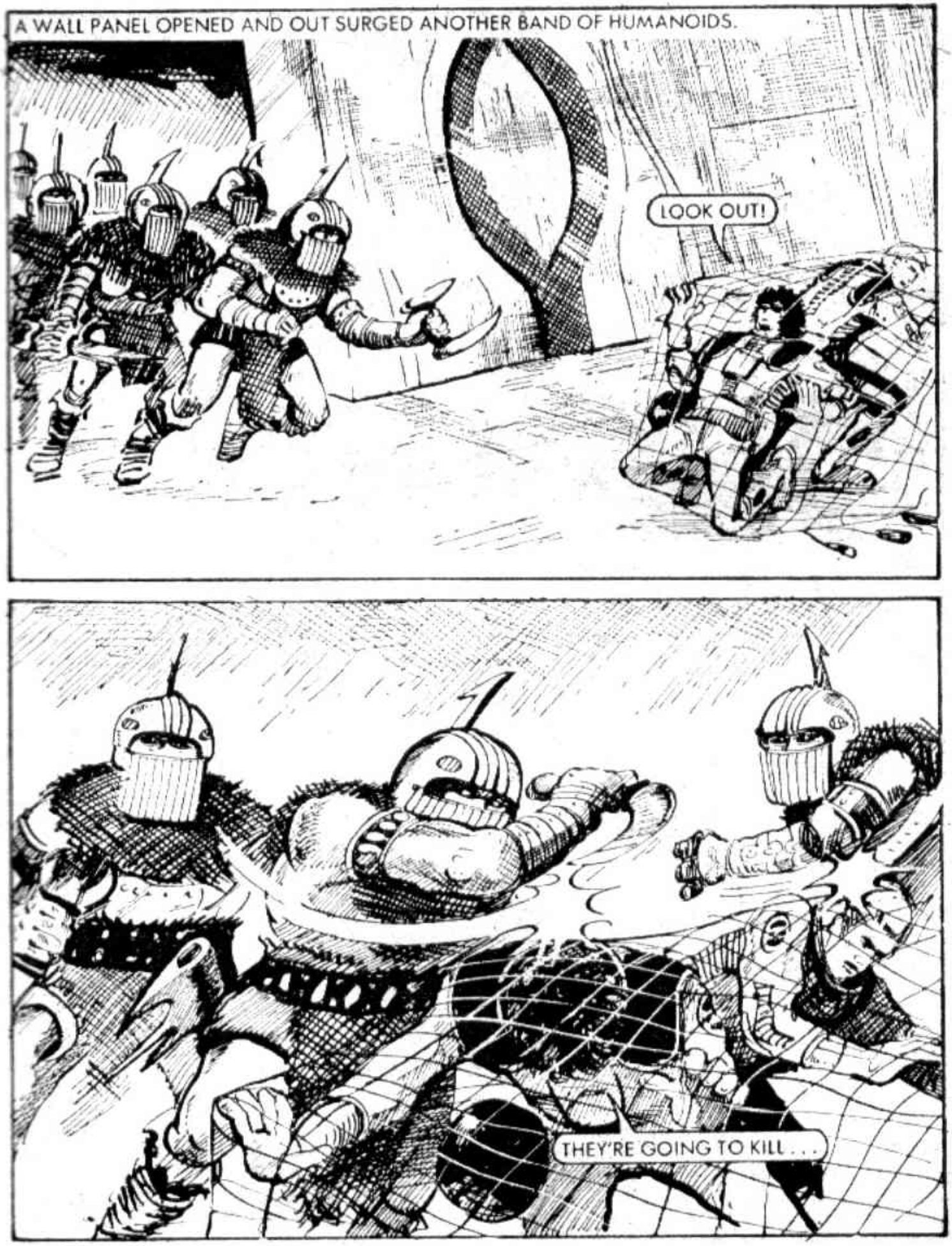
WE MUST BE NEARLY OUT OF THIS FOREST.
LET'S HOPE THERE'S NO RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR US.

LOOK! THOSE DOORS! THEY'RE OPENING!
WHATEVER'S INSIDE CAN'T BE WORSE THAN THIS LOT OUT HERE! C'MON!

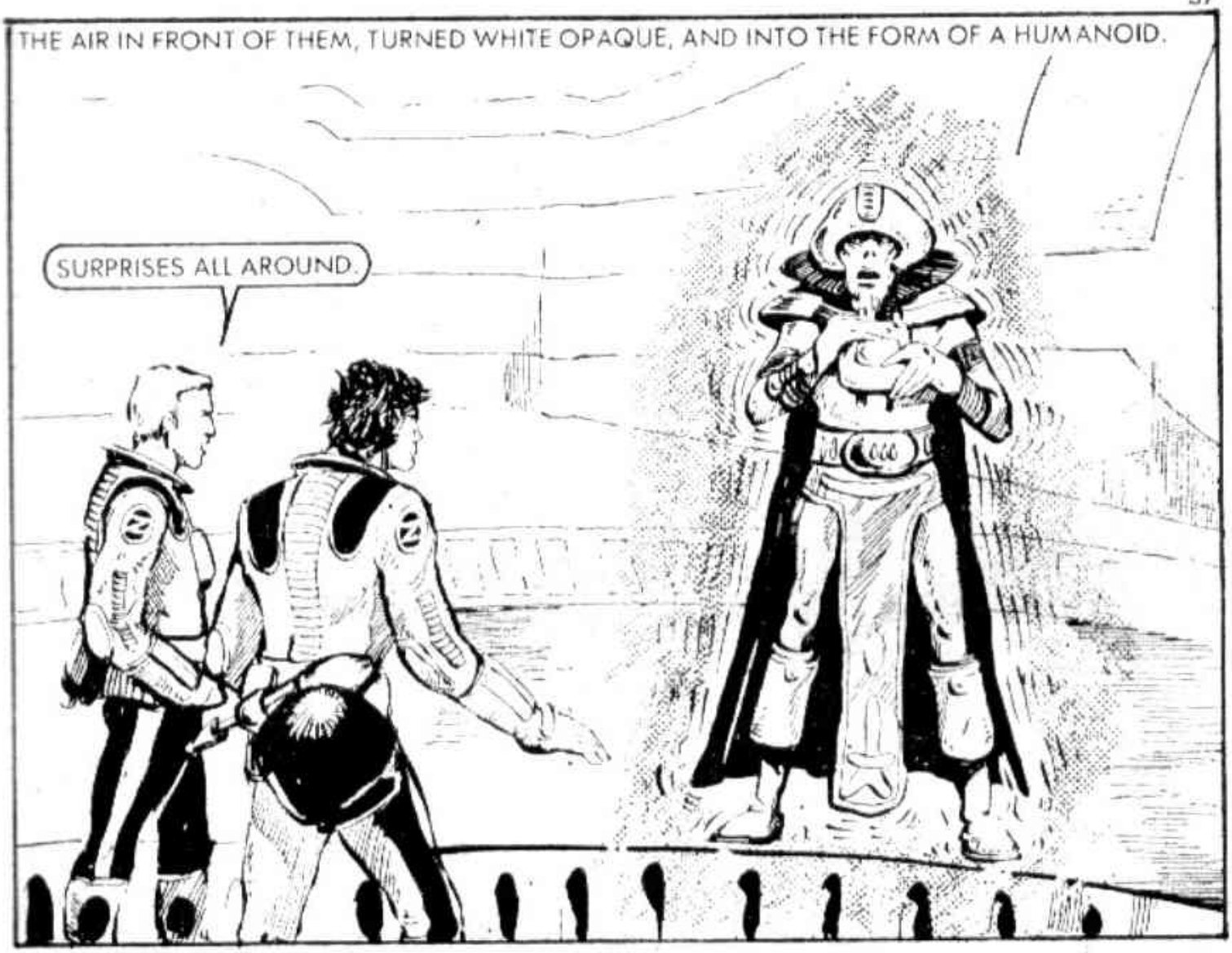
RORK AND BRAM DASHED INTO A VAST AND EMPTY CORRIDOR.
THEY'VE STOPPED! WHY?
THEY'RE FRIGHTENED TO FOLLOW US.
MAYBE THEY KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T KNOW!

THEY WALKED DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY COM-SET!
SAME WITH MINE! THIS SHIP'S PLAYING GAMES WITH US AGAIN! BUT THE OXYGEN LEVEL'S FINE. WE DON'T NEED HELMETS.
THAT'S BETTER! BUT WHERE'S EVERYBODY? ANY SIGNS OF LIFE ON YOUR SENSOR, BRAM?
THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANYTHING. EVERYTHING'S GONE DEAD! ALL OUR ENERGY USING SYSTEMS ARE THE SAME!

NO WEAPONS— NO DIRECTION SENSORS AND NO SIGN OF ANYONE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND— WHO RUNS THIS SHIP?
SILENTLY, A NET FELL ON THEM.


A WALL PANEL OPENED AND OUT SURGED ANOTHER BAND OF HUMANOIDS.
LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL . . .

THEY REGAINED THEIR SENSES TO FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED.
ARE YOU OKAY?
I THINK SO. WHERE ARE WE? LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF MECHANICAL ALTAR!
LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMEONE.
WE MIGHT GET A FEW ANSWERS FROM HIM, OR IT!


THE AIR IN FRONT OF THEM, TURNED WHITE OPAQUE, AND INTO THE FORM OF A HUMANOID.
SURPRISES ALL AROUND.

HE TELEPORTED IN.
THAT'S HIS CONTROL UNIT AROUND HIS NECK! HE MUST BE THE BOSS MAN.

YOU ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD. YOU COME TO DEFILE THE KINGDOM OF THE GODS!
HE'S SPEAKING ENGLISH! HE CAN UNDERSTAND US!
I HAVE THE POWER GIVEN TO ME BY THE GODS! ALL THINGS ARE KNOWN TO ME!
WHAT'S ALL THIS " GODS " STUFF?

YOU CAN DROP THE MUMBO-JUMBO! JUST WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH US?
I AM COMMODORUS! HIGH PRIEST OF THE GODS WHO MADE AND RULE THE WORLD! YOU ARE UNBELIEVERS WHO WILL BE CONVERTED BY THE GODS WHO TAKE ALL AND GIVE ALL!

RORK DESPERATELY DIVED AT BRAM.
MOVE IT! WE'RE STANDING ON A MATTER CONVERTER!

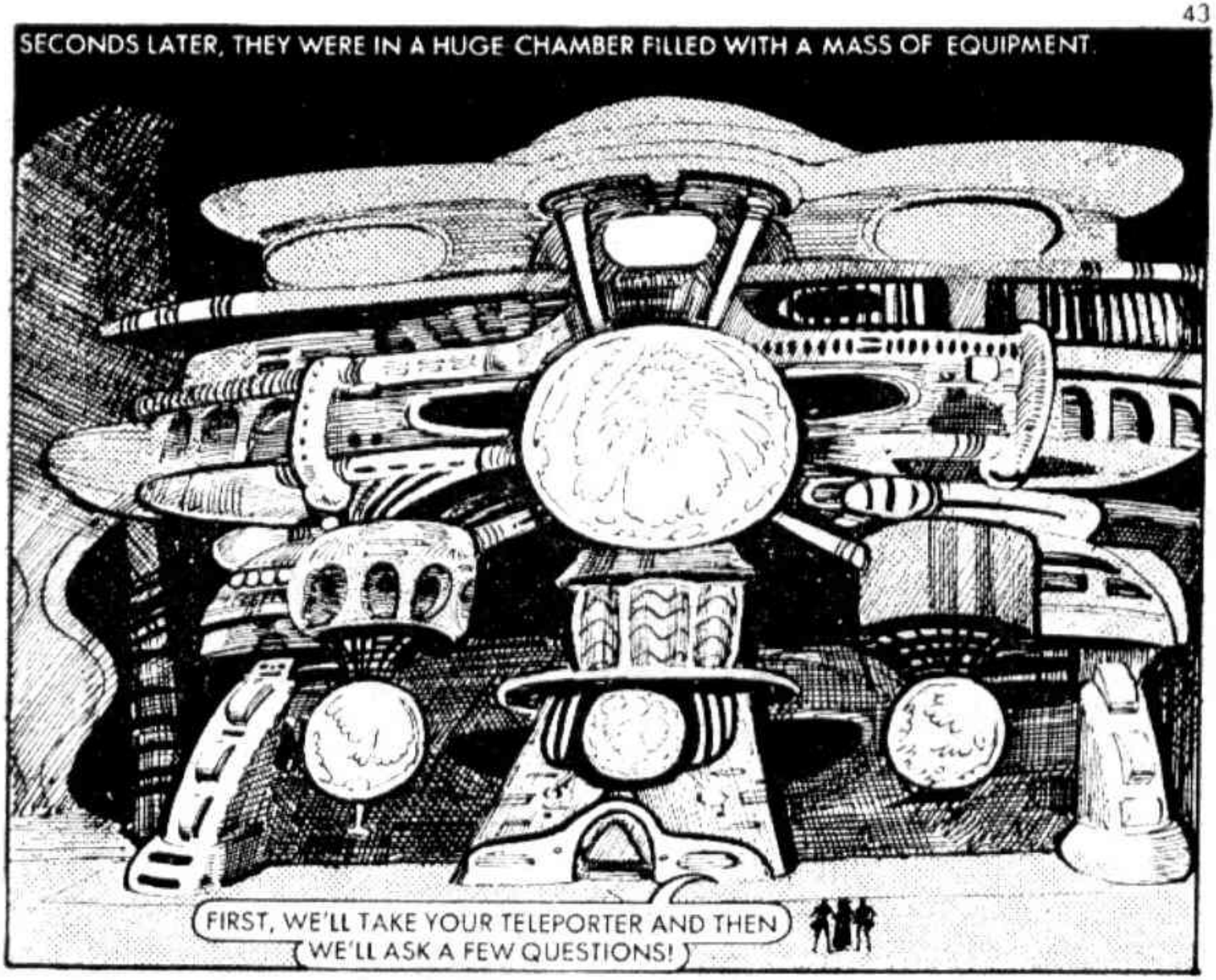
WHERE THE FLOOR HAD BEEN THERE WAS A WHIRLPOOL OF PULSATING ENERGY.
A MATTER CONVERTER—AN ATOMIC WASTEBIN FOR RECYCLING ANY KNOWN MATERIAL!
HELP ME GRAB HIM.
KILL THEM!
HE'S OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!

TELL THEM TO LET US GO—OR YOU GET CONVERTED!
KILL THEM!

BUT BEFORE THE ORDER COULD BE OBEYED. . .

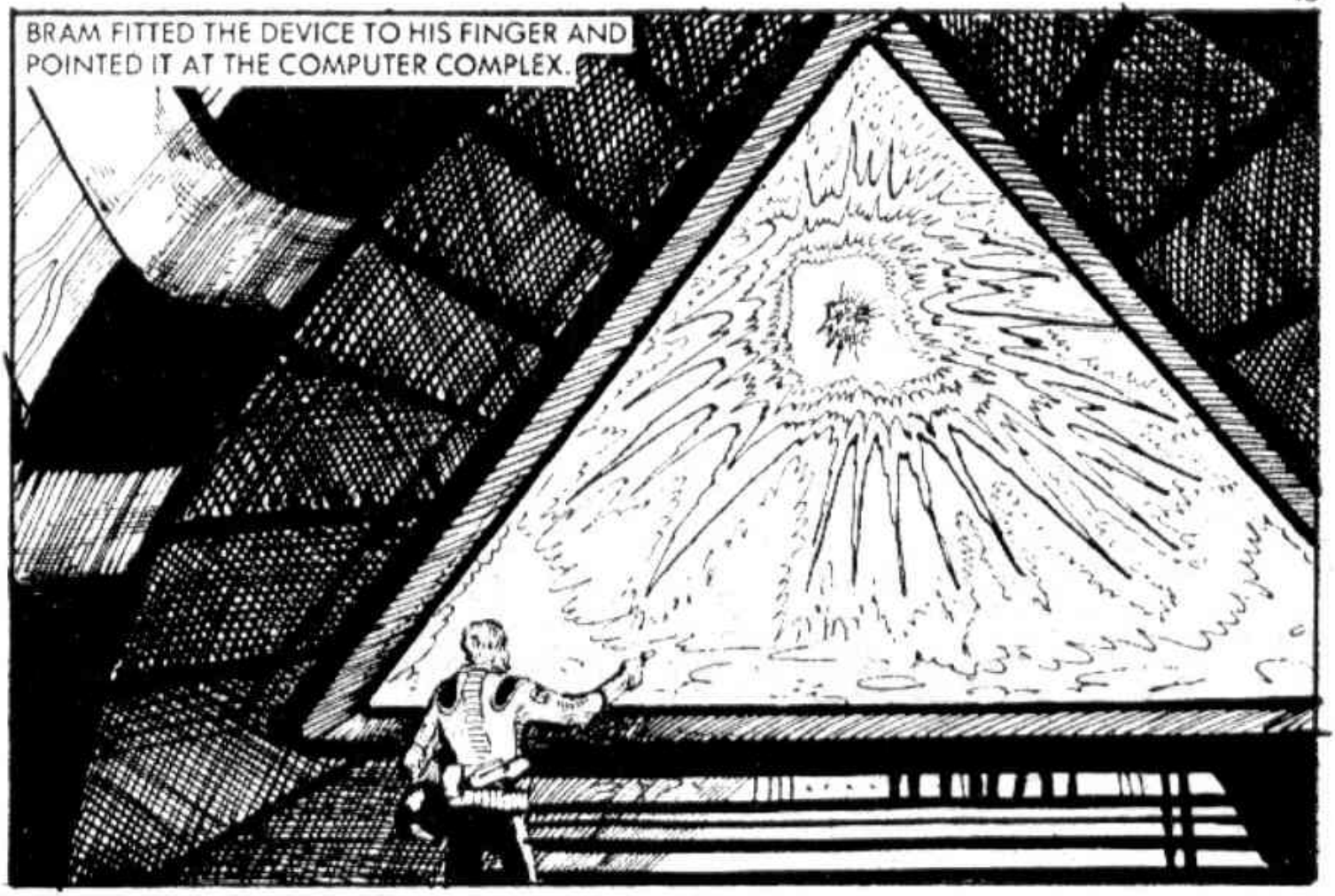
TIME TO GO! LET'S HIT HIS TELEPORT BUTTON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
AND HOLD ON TIGHT!

RORK HIT THE ACTIVATOR UNIT.


SECONDS LATER, THEY WERE IN A HUGE CHAMBER FILLED WITH A MASS OF EQUIPMENT.
FIRST, WE'LL TAKE YOUR TELEPORTER AND THEN WE'LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!

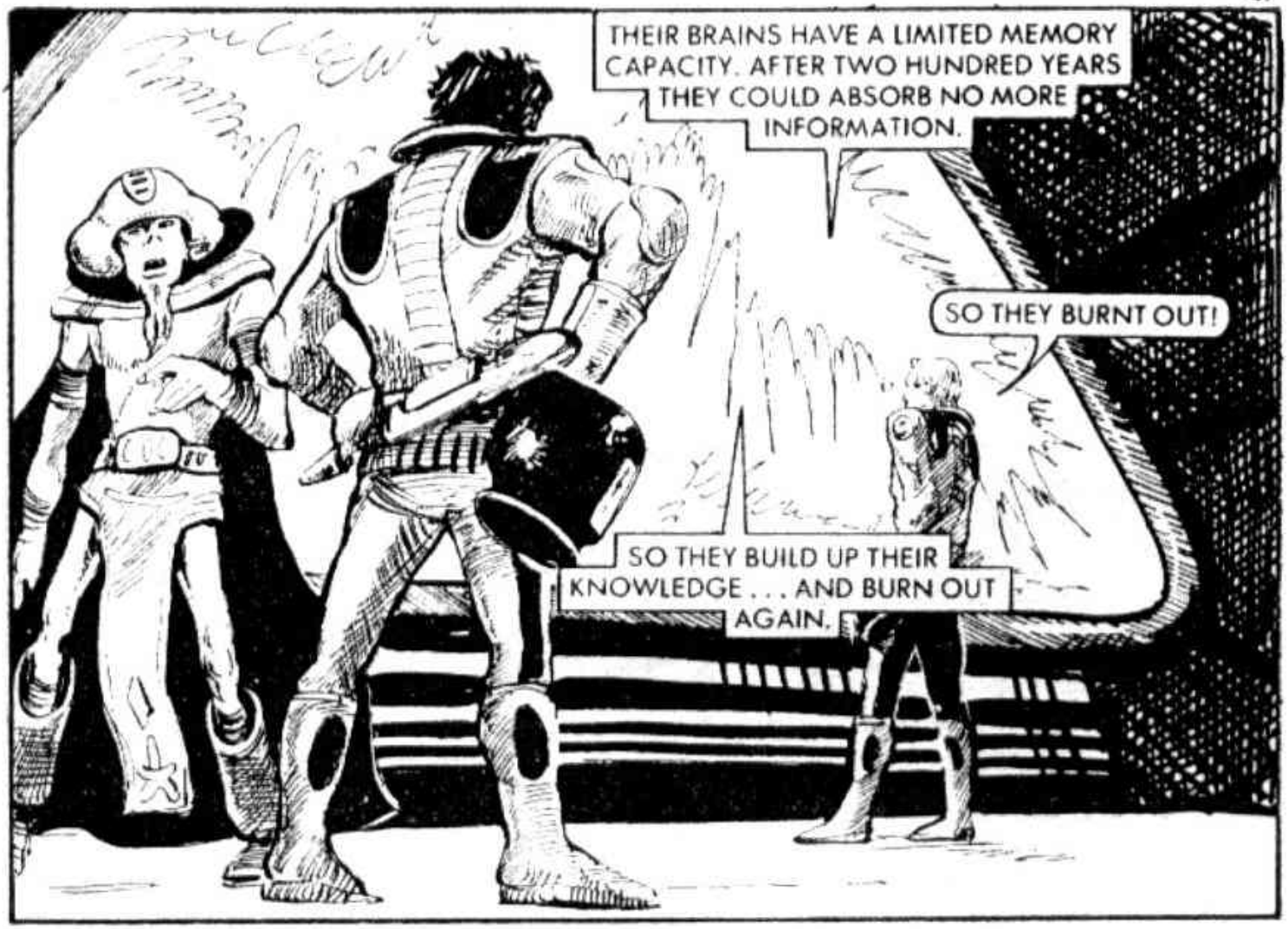
WHERE ARE WE?
KNEEL YOU SCUM OF FILTH! YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING OF GODS!
I THINK HE MEANS THIS IS THE CENTRAL COMPUTER COMPLEX.

IN THAT CASE WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOUR GOD!
ONLY I, HIS HIGH PRIEST, KEEPER OF THE RING OF POWER, MAY TALK TO THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT!
DEATH IS THE ONLY ANSWER THE MIGHTIEST OF THE MIGHTY GIVES TO ALL WHO SEEK TO KNOW HIS SECRETS!
WHAT IN SPACE IS HE GIBBERING ABOUT?
IT'S MY BET THE COMPLEX IS ENERGY SHIELDED TOUCH IT AND YOU GET VAPORISED! AND I ALSO BET THAT THIS RING GADGET OF HIS IS SOME SORT OF NEUTRALISER.

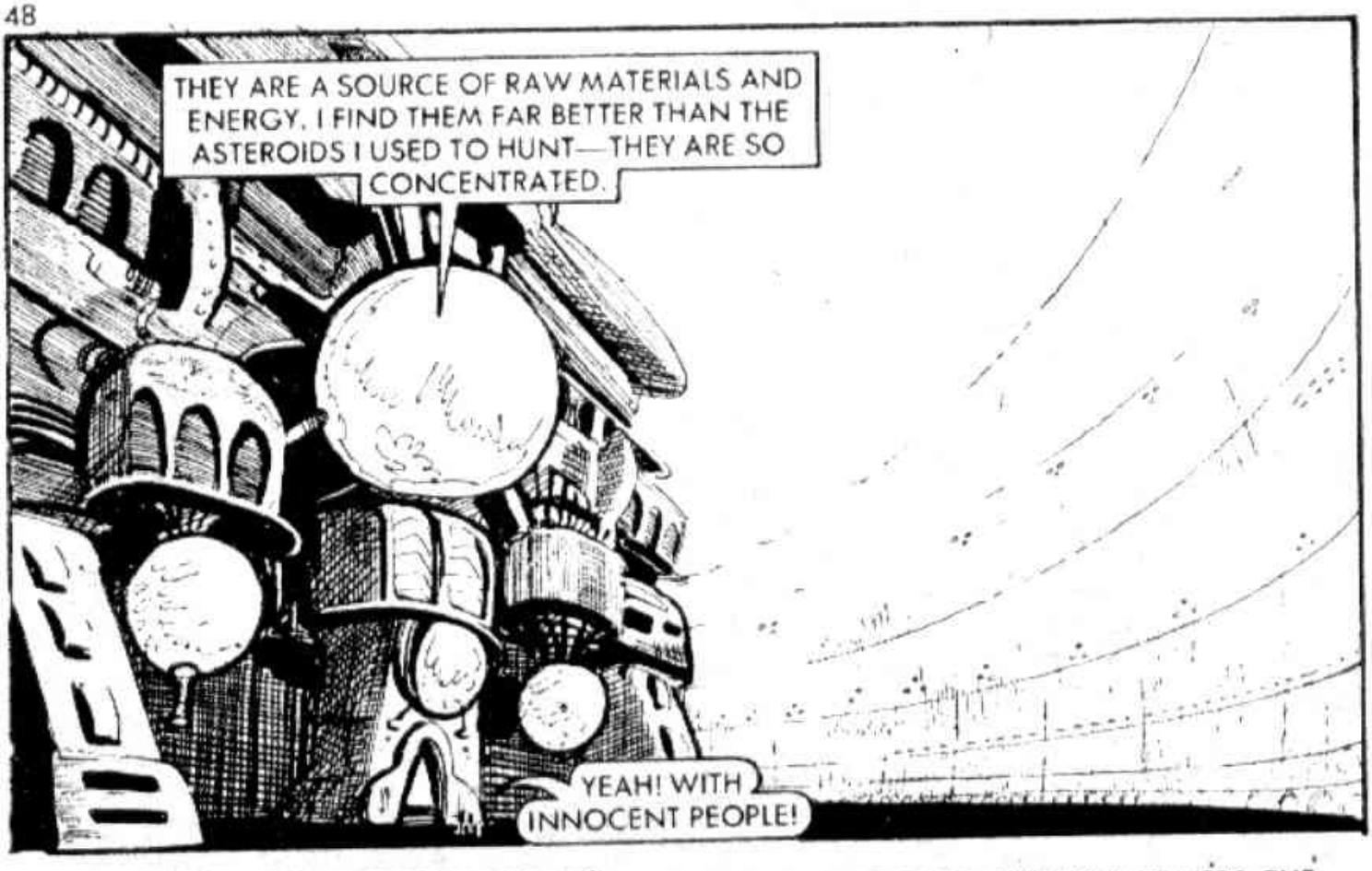

BRAM FITTED THE DEVICE TO HIS FINGER AND POINTED IT AT THE COMPUTER COMPLEX.

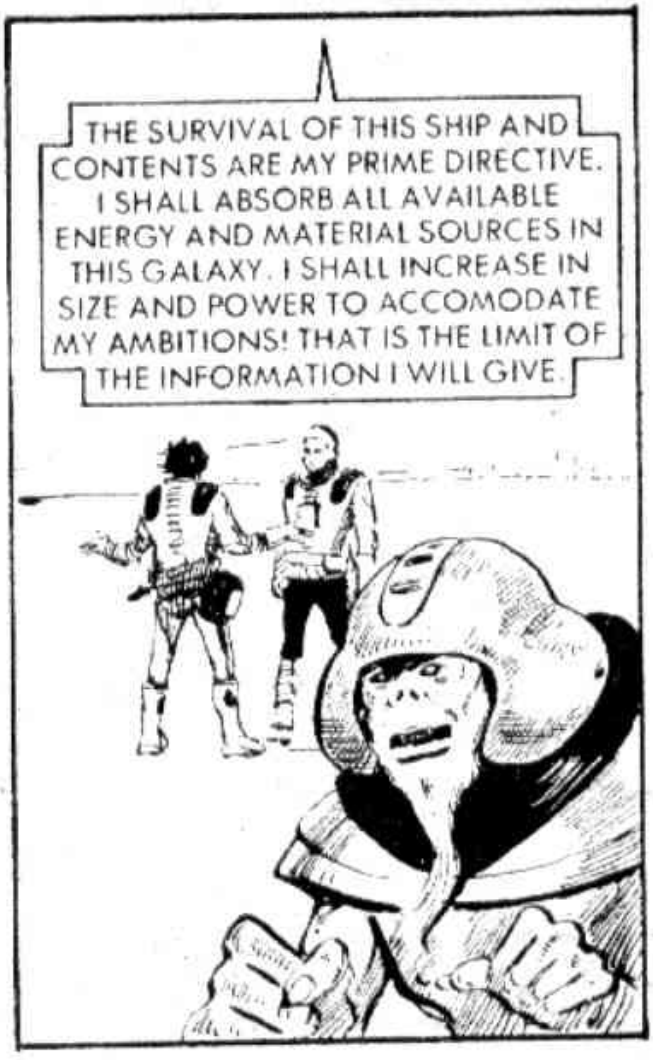
SO FAR SO GOOD. CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME, COMPUTER? I WANT TO QUESTION YOU.
YES. I UNDERSTAND YOU.
THEN TELL ME WHO BUILT THIS SHIP, AND WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE?

OUR WORLD, KARNA, ENDED IN PERIOD AZ 107. THIS VESSEL IS A COLONY SHIP WITH THE ELITE OF KARNA. WE ARE SEARCHING FOR A NEW HOME.
AZ 107! THAT'S OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?
SOME OF MY PEOPLE HAVE REBELLED, BUT SOME REMAIN LOYAL. ONE OF MY LOYAL SUBJECTS BROUGHT YOU HERE.
HIM! HE'S MAD! AND EVERYONE ELSE WE'VE MET ARE JUST PRIMITIVE SAVAGES!
THEY DON'T LOOK THAT OLD.
THEY WERE GIVEN A VACCINE THAT PREVENTED CELL DECAY. THEY CAN'T WEAR OUT, OR AGE! HOWEVER, THEY FORGET ONE THING.


THEIR BRAINS HAVE A LIMITED MEMORY CAPACITY. AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS THEY COULD ABSORB NO MORE INFORMATION.
SO THEY BURNT OUT!
SO THEY BUILD UP THEIR KNOWLEDGE . . . AND BURN OUT AGAIN.

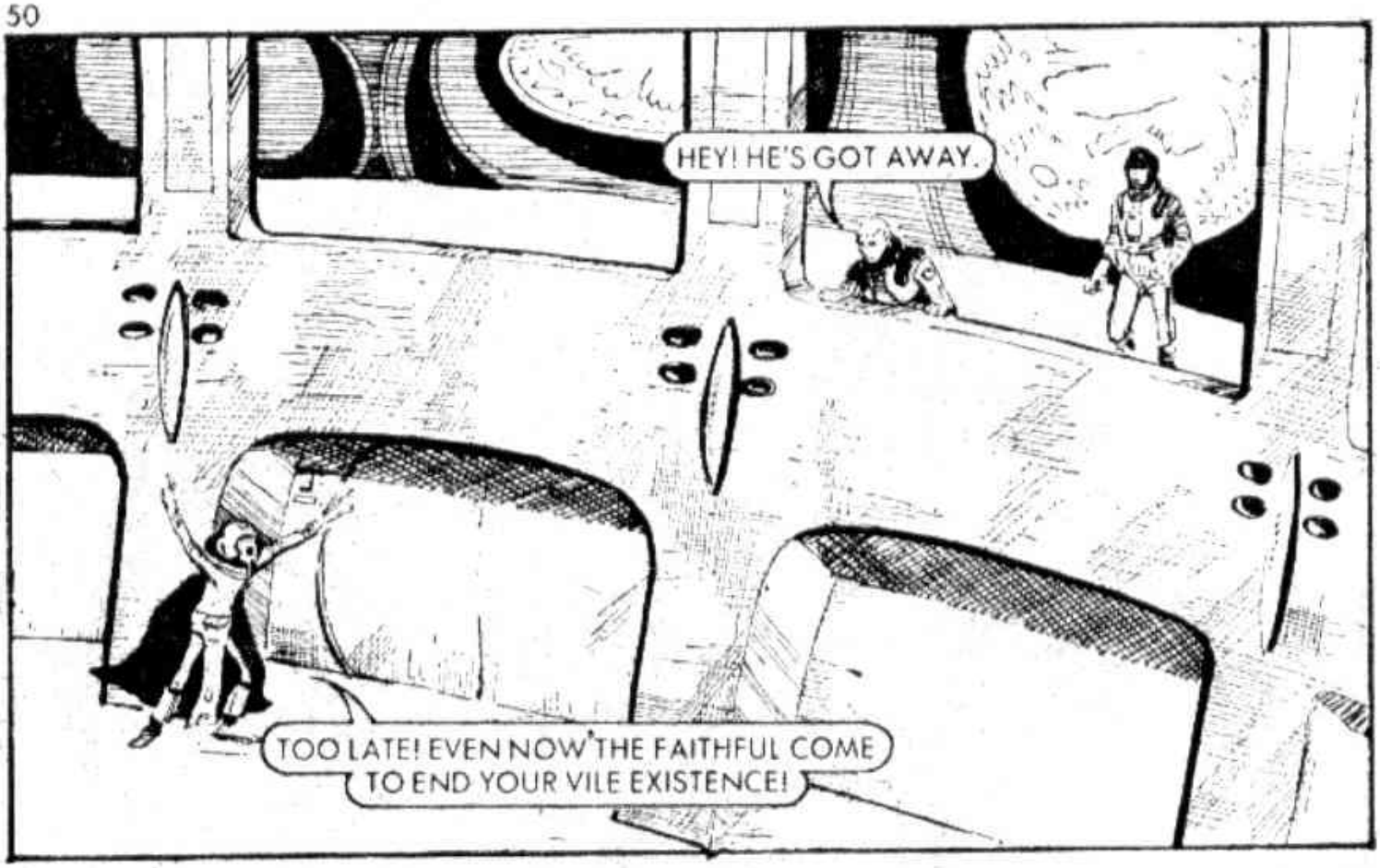
THEY HAVE SPLIT INTO TWO WARRING TRIBES. VERY SOON THEY WILL HAVE DESTROYED EACH OTHER.
ASK IT WHY IT'S DESTROYING OUR SPACE SHIPS?


THEY ARE A SOURCE OF RAW MATERIALS AND ENERGY. I FIND THEM FAR BETTER THAN THE ASTEROIDS I USED TO HUNT—THEY ARE SO CONCENTRATED.
YEAH! WITH INNOCENT PEOPLE!

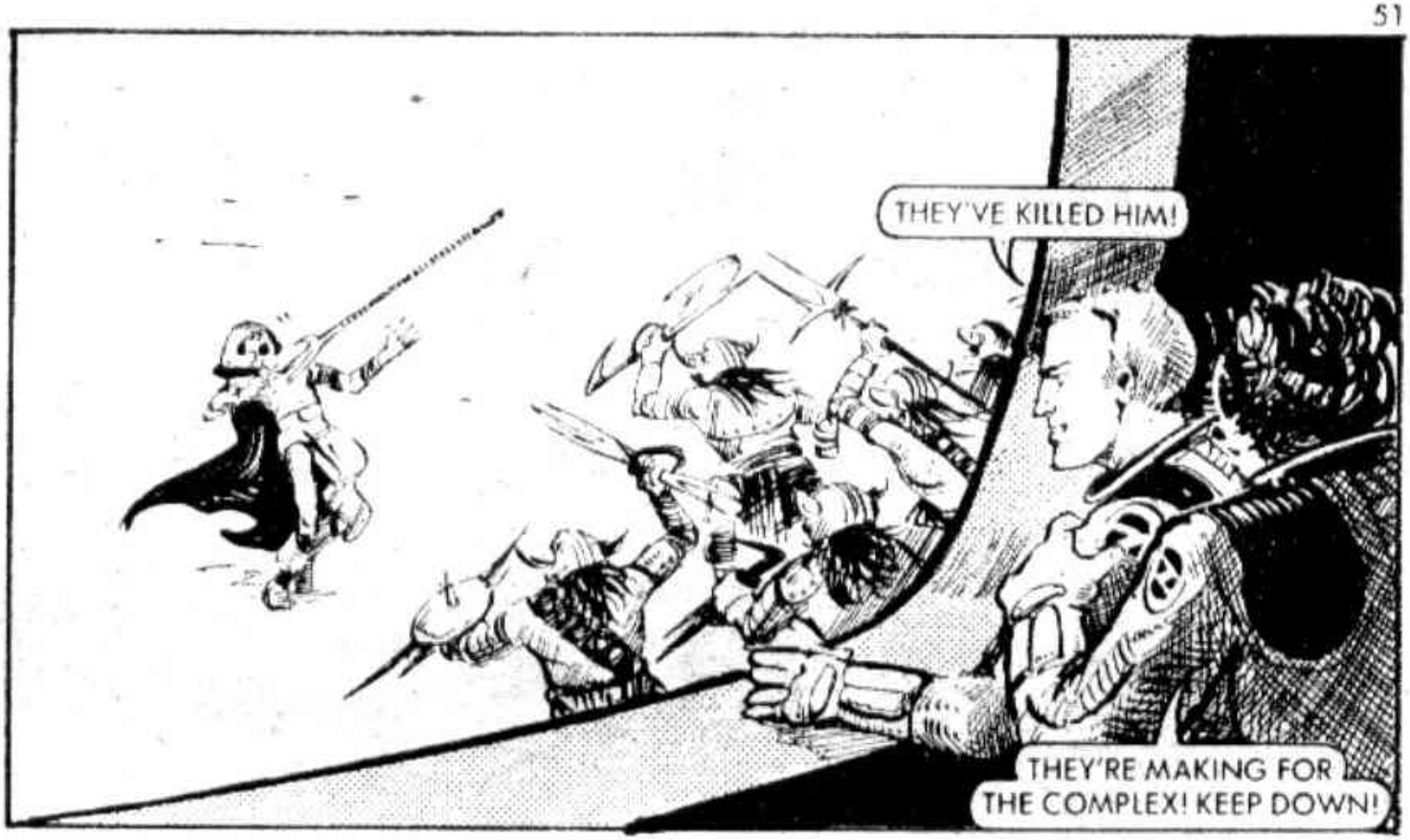

THE SURVIVAL OF THIS SHIP AND CONTENTS ARE MY PRIME DIRECTIVE. I SHALL ABSORB ALL AVAILABLE ENERGY AND MATERIAL SOURCES IN THIS GALAXY. I SHALL INCREASE IN SIZE AND POWER TO ACCOMODATE MY AMBITIONS! THAT IS THE LIMIT OF THE INFORMATION I WILL GIVE.

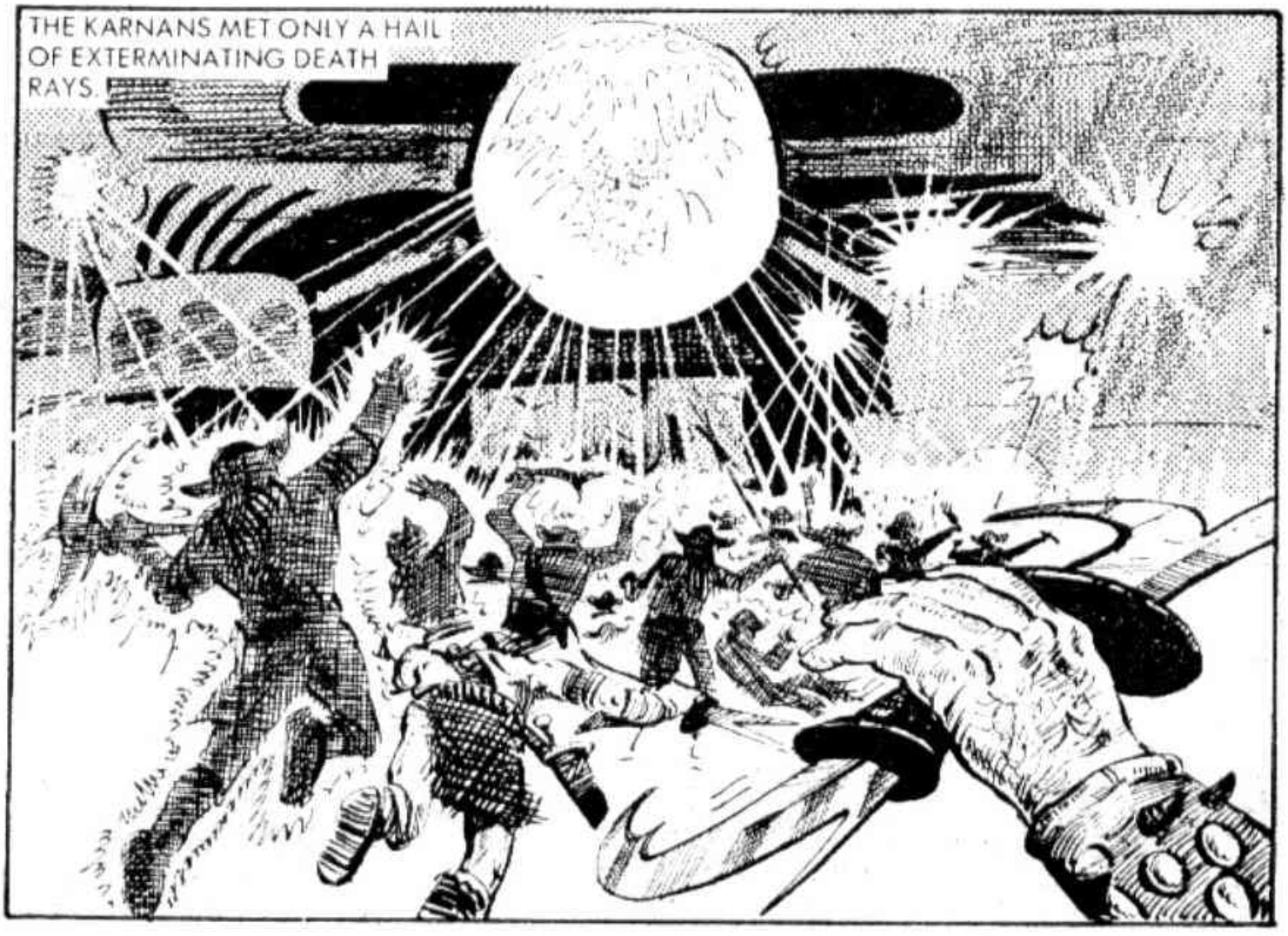
STUNNED BY THE COMPUTER'S ANSWERS, THE SPACERS FAILED TO NOTICE COMMODORUS HAD GONE.

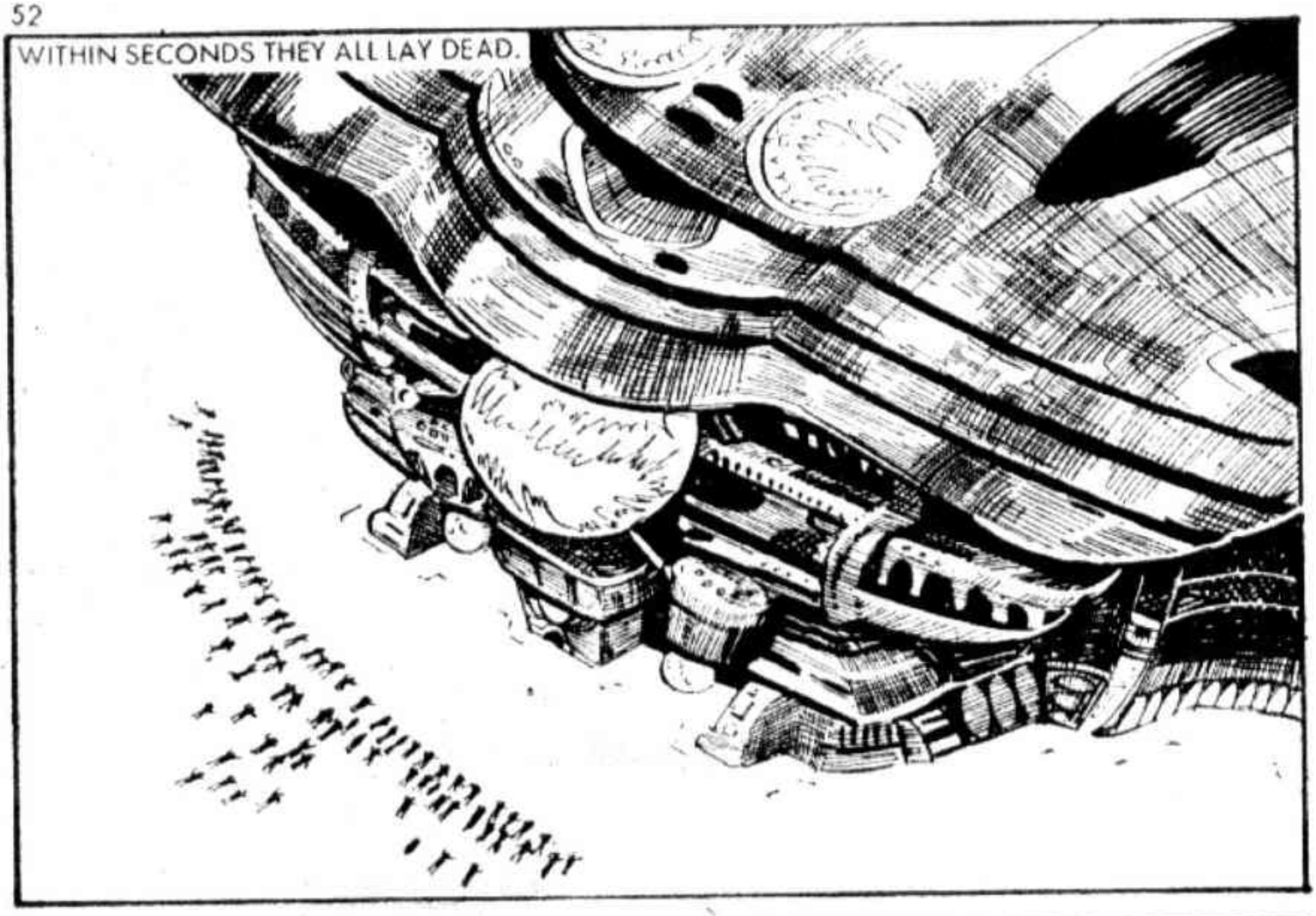
WE CAN'T USE THE CONTROL RING TO GET AT IT?
AFRAID NOT! IT HAS ONLY GOT A VERY LIMITED DEGREE OF POWER. BUT WE CAN USE THIS.
CAN YOU WORK THAT TELEPORTER TO GET US BACK TO OUR OWN SHIP?
YES, IT HAS A VISUAL TARGET DISPLAY! BUT ITS ENERGY BANK IS DRAINED. WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR IT TO RECHARGE.


HEY! HE'S GOT AWAY.
TOO LATE! EVEN NOW THE FAITHFUL COME TO END YOUR VILE EXISTENCE!

THE DOOR SPLIT OPEN AND OUT SURGED AN ARMY OF REBEL KARNANS.
KILL THEM! NO . . . THEY ARE NOT OF MY . . .


THEY'VE KILLED HIM!
THEY'RE MAKING FOR THE COMPLEX! KEEP DOWN!

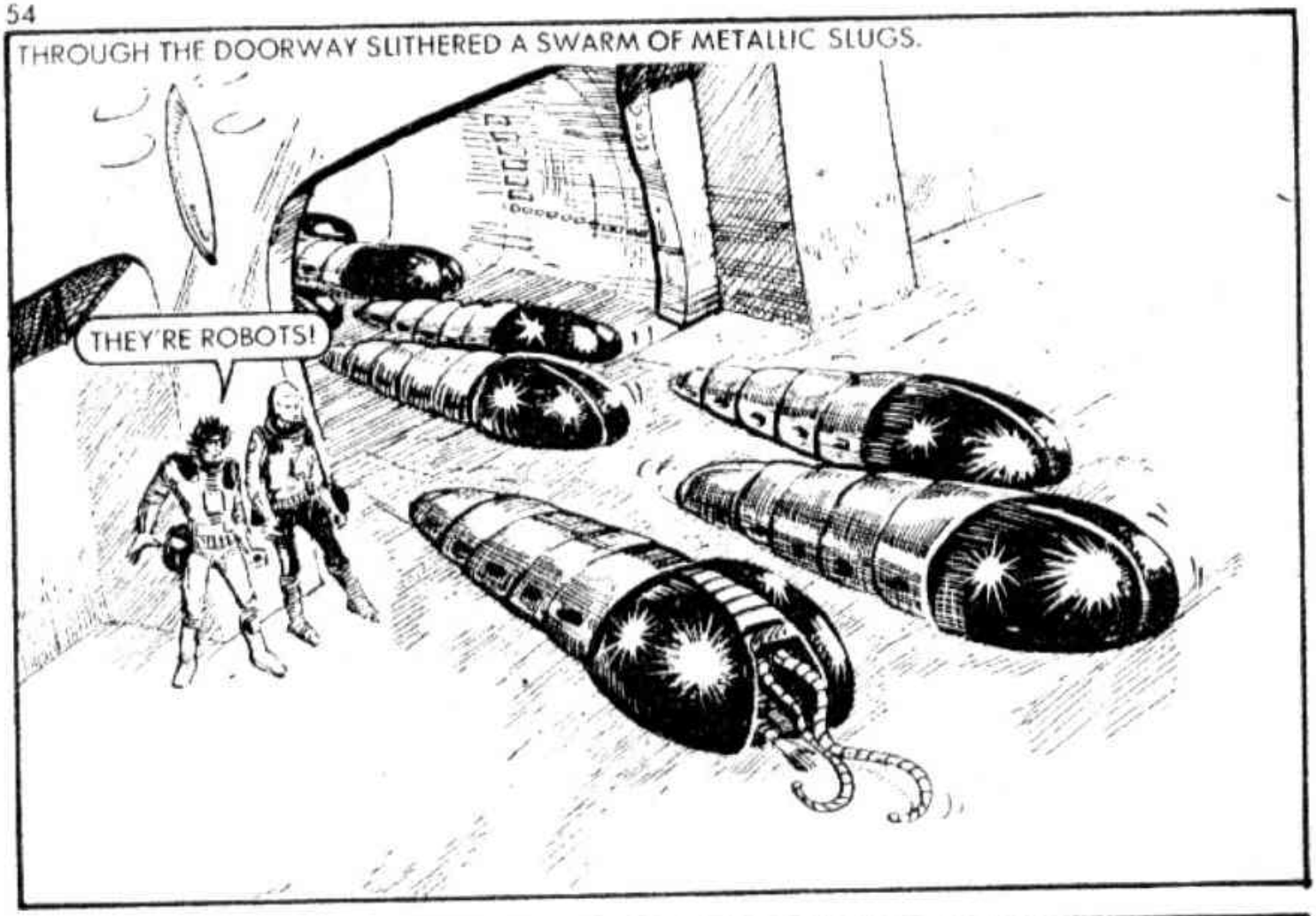

THE KARNANS MET ONLY A HAIL OF EXTERMINATING DEATH RAYS.

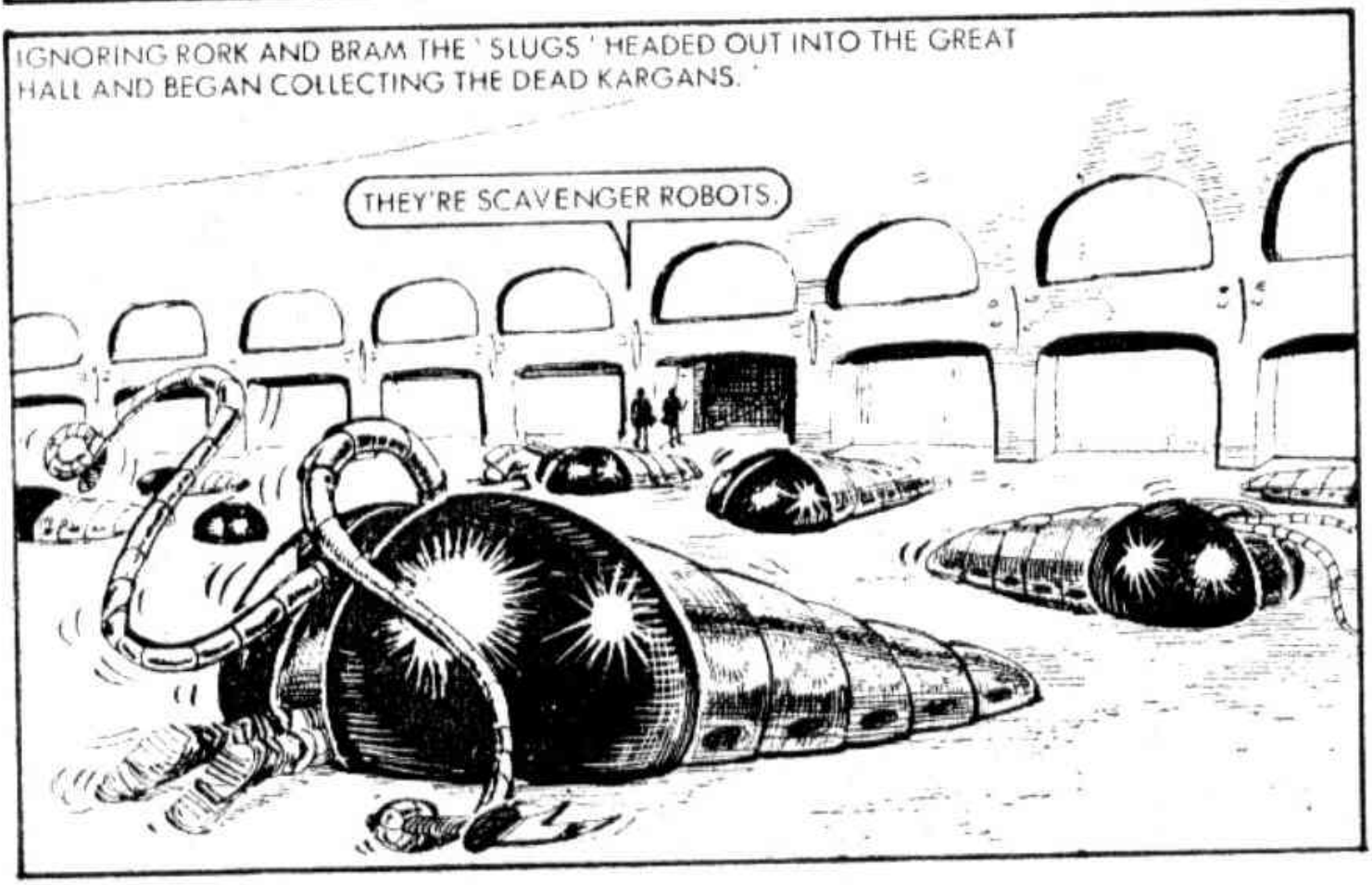

WITHIN SECONDS THEY ALL LAY DEAD.

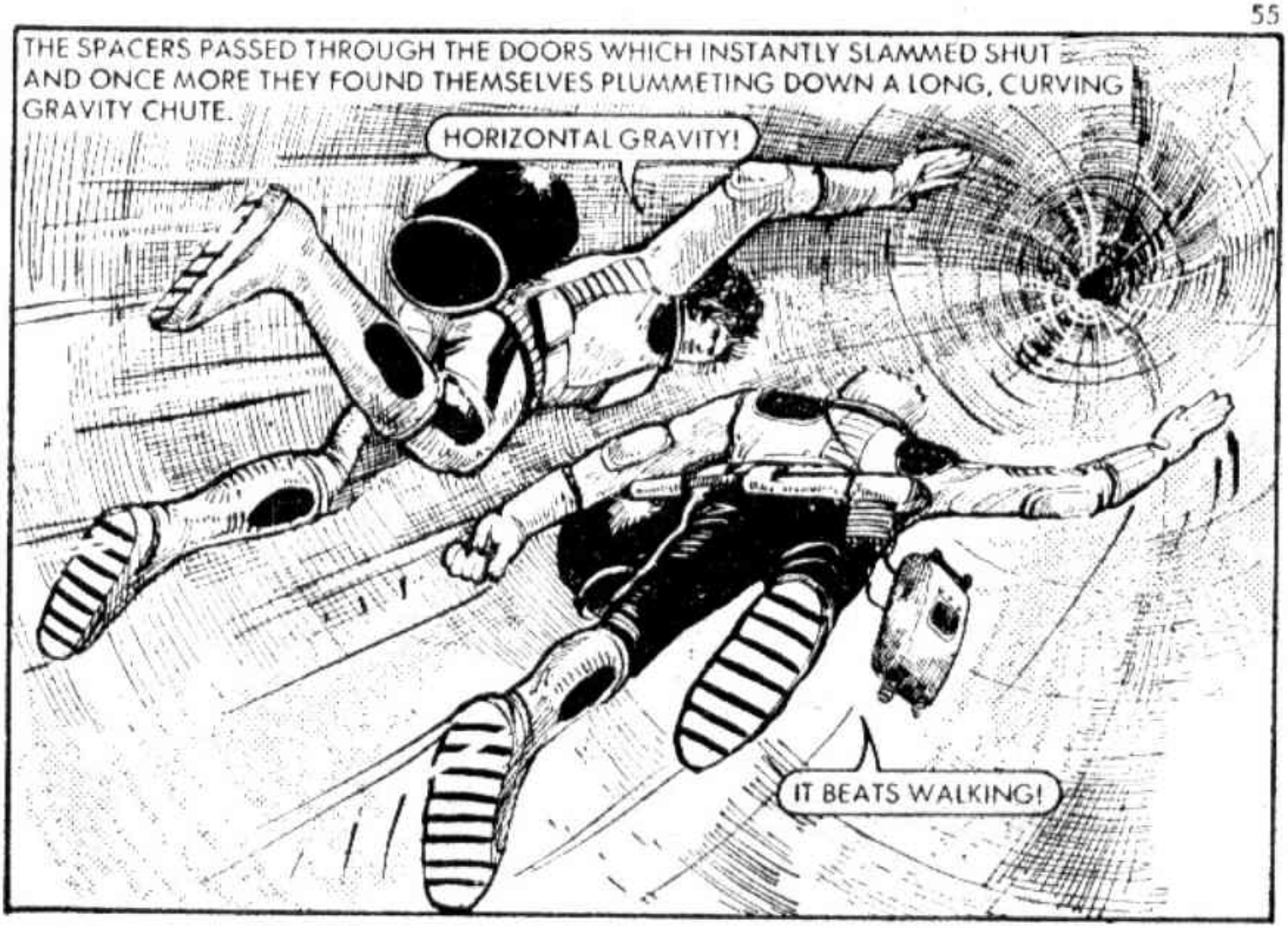
C'MON! IF THAT TUNNEL WAS THE WAY IN FOR THEM — IT'S THE WAY OUT FOR US!

WILL IT OPEN?
NO BOTHER AT ALL.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, BRAM!


THROUGH THE DOORWAY SLITHERED A SWARM OF METALLIC SLUGS.
THEY'RE ROBOTS!


IGNORING RORK AND BRAM THE 'SLUGS' HEADED OUT INTO THE GREAT HALL AND BEGAN COLLECTING THE DEAD KARGANS.
THEY'RE SCAVENGER ROBOTS.


THE SPACERS PASSED THROUGH THE DOORS WHICH INSTANTLY SLAMMED SHUT AND ONCE MORE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES PLUMMETING DOWN A LONG, CURVING GRAVITY CHUTE.
HORIZONTAL GRAVITY!
IT BEATS WALKING!

WELL, WE'VE ARRIVED. WHEREVER IT IS?
THERE ARE HALF A DOZEN TUNNELS TO CHOSE FROM. WHICH IS THE ONE FOR US?

THIS ONE.
YOU SEEM VERY SURE.

THE SMELL OF THE FOLIAGE IS COMING FROM DOWN HERE.

HERE'S THE FOREST AND NOT A KARNAN TO BE SEEN.

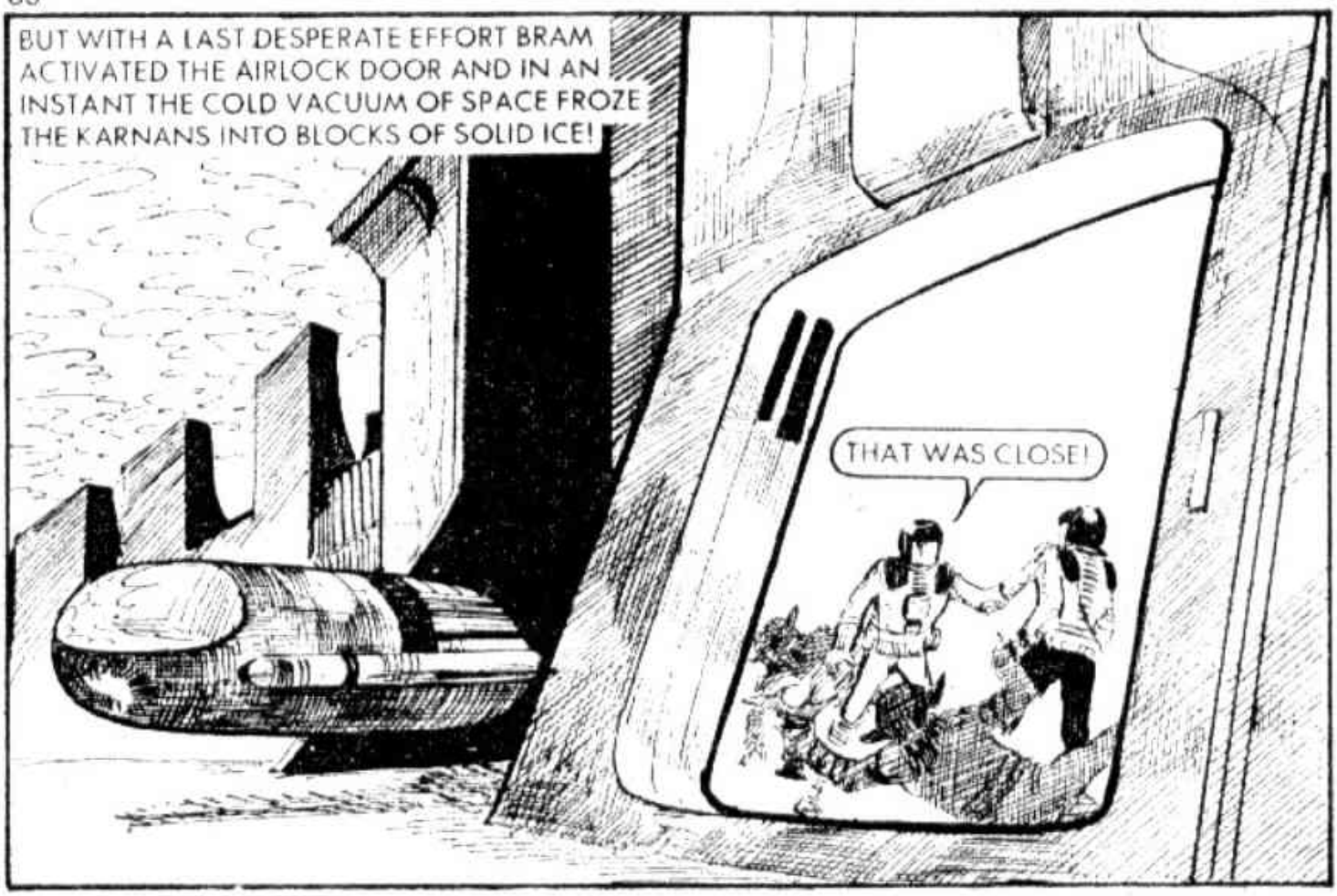
CAUTIOUSLY THEY TRACKED THROUGH THE FOREST.
WE MADE IT, BRAM.
LET'S MAKE FOR SPACE.

THE COM-SETS ARE WORKING!
IT'S THE CONTROL RING THAT'S DOING IT.

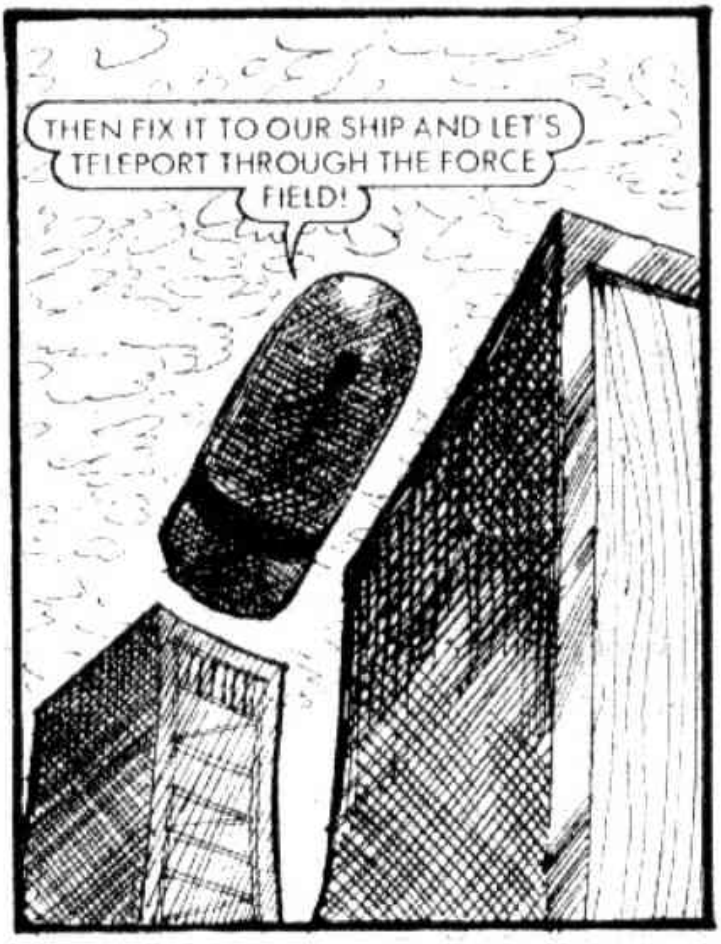
KARNANS! HIT THE GRAV CONTROL!

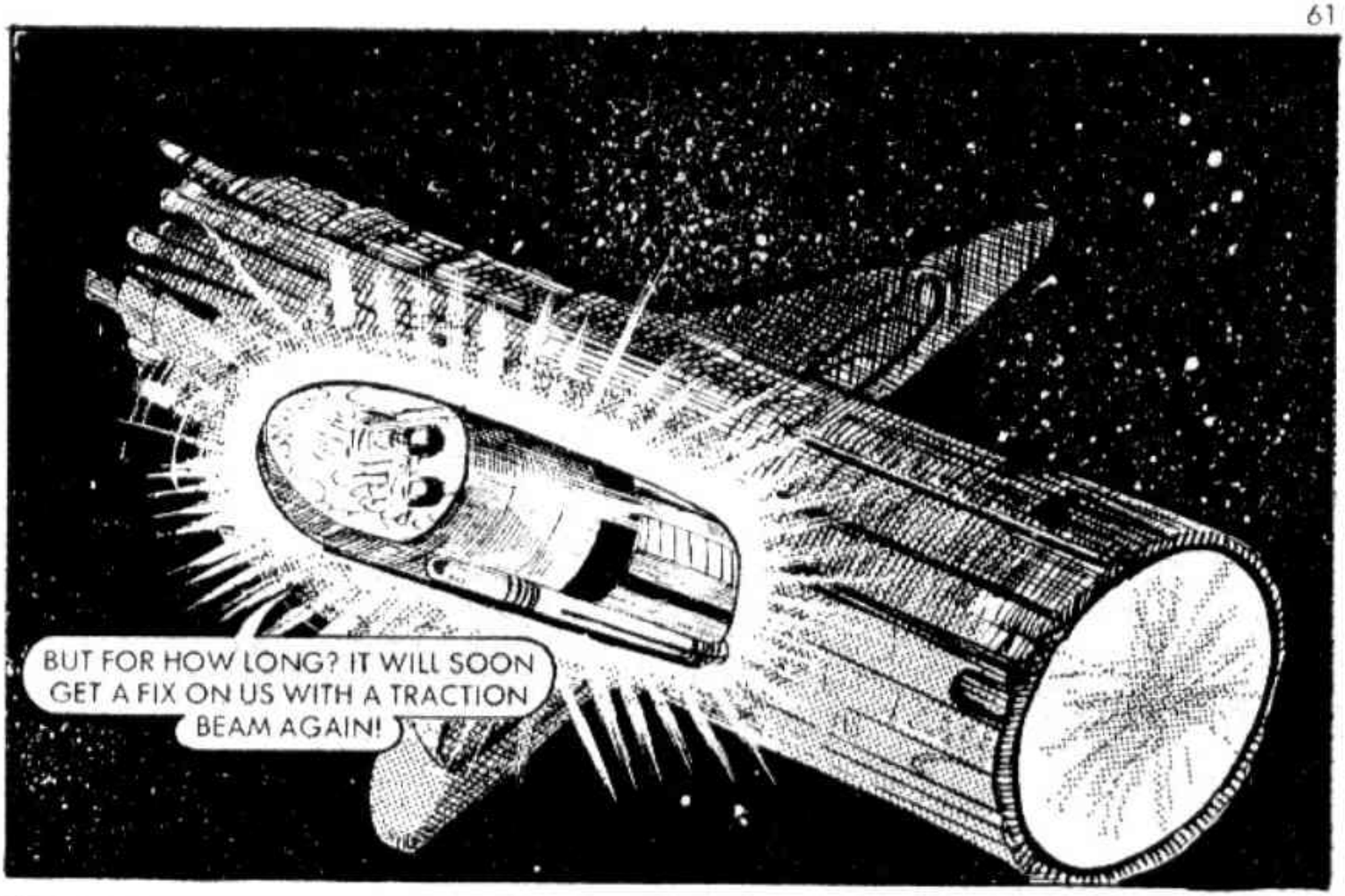
KARNANS AND SPACERS WERE HURLED SPACEWARDS IN A CONFUSED, FIGHTING MASS.
GOT TO KEEP THEM OFF . . . UNTIL WE GET . . . TO AIRLOCK!

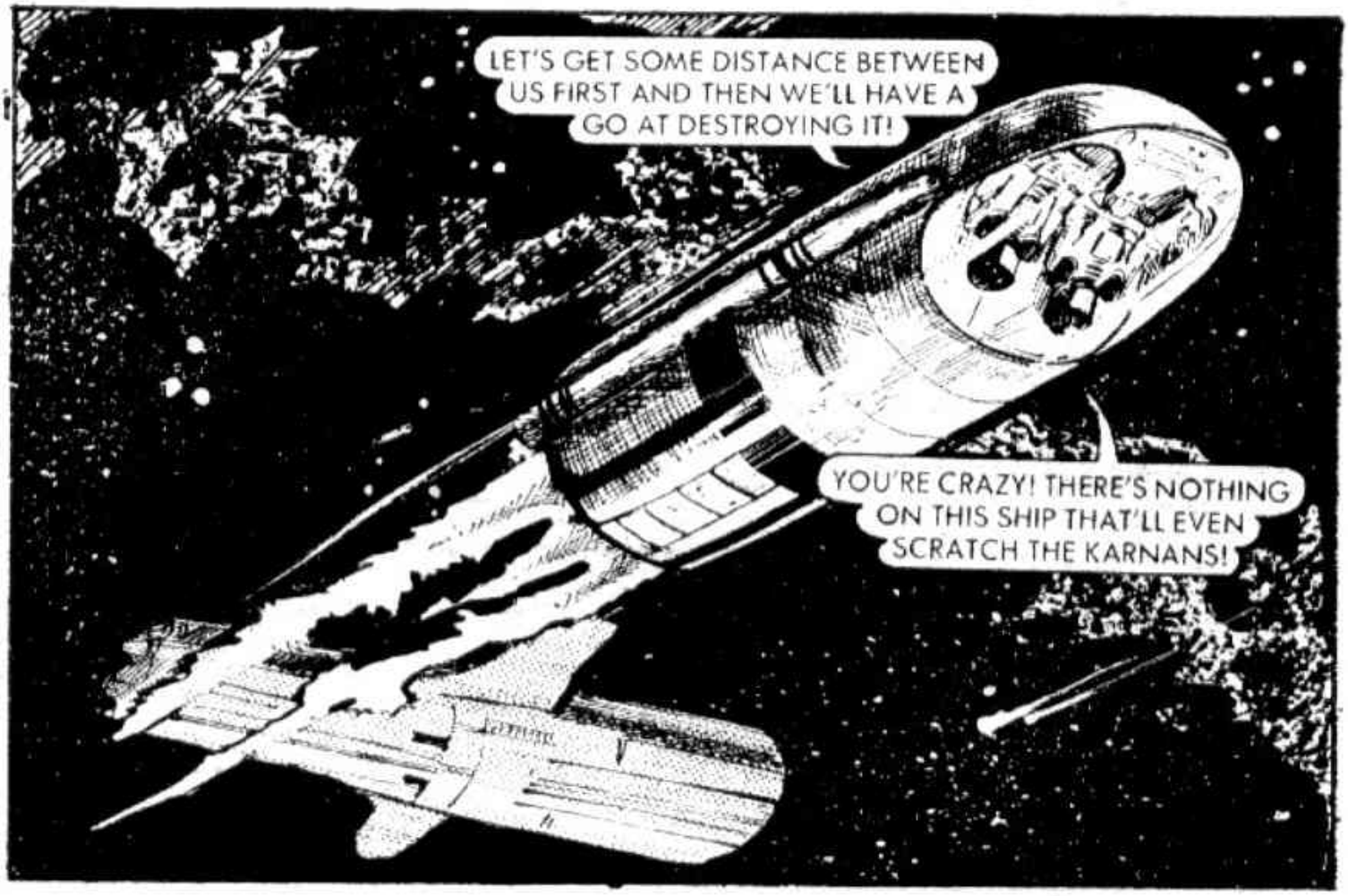
AT THE TOP THE AIRLOCK FLOOR SLID INTO PLACE.
I CAN'T REACH . . .
OPEN THE DOOR, BRAM, OR I'M A GONER!


BUT WITH A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT BRAM ACTIVATED THE AIRLOCK DOOR AND IN AN INSTANT THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE FROZE THE KARNANS INTO BLOCKS OF SOLID ICE!
THAT WAS CLOSE!

NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. IS THE TELEPORTER AT FULL CHARGE YET?
YES, I THINK SO.


THEN FIX IT TO OUR SHIP AND LET'S TELEPORT THROUGH THE FORCE FIELD!


BUT FOR HOW LONG? IT WILL SOON GET A FIX ON US WITH A TRACTION BEAM AGAIN!


LET'S GET SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN US FIRST AND THEN WE'LL HAVE A GO AT DESTROYING IT!
YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS SHIP THAT'LL EVEN SCRATCH THE KARNANS!

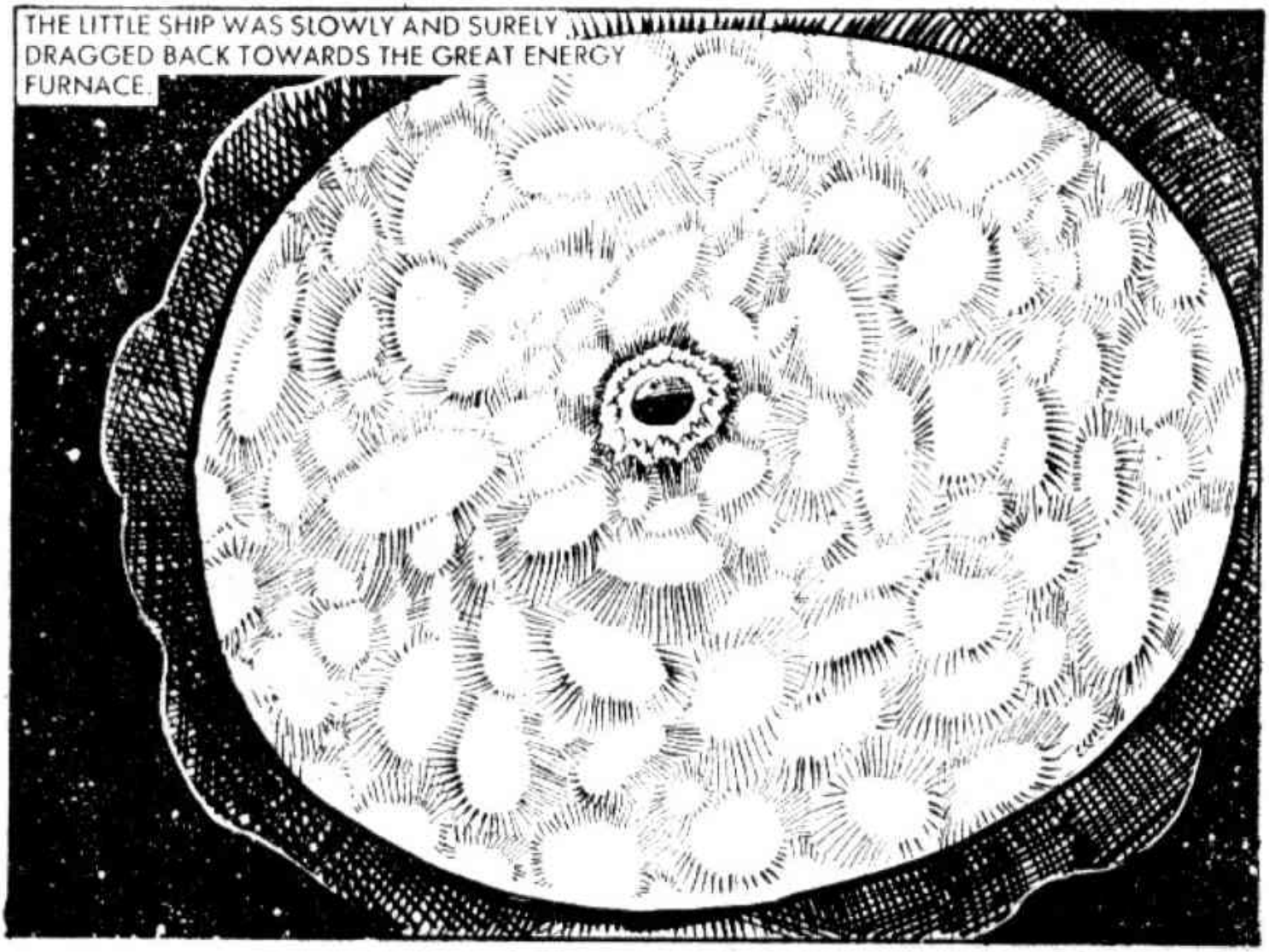
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU HIT 'EM WITH, IT'S WHERE YOU HIT 'EM!

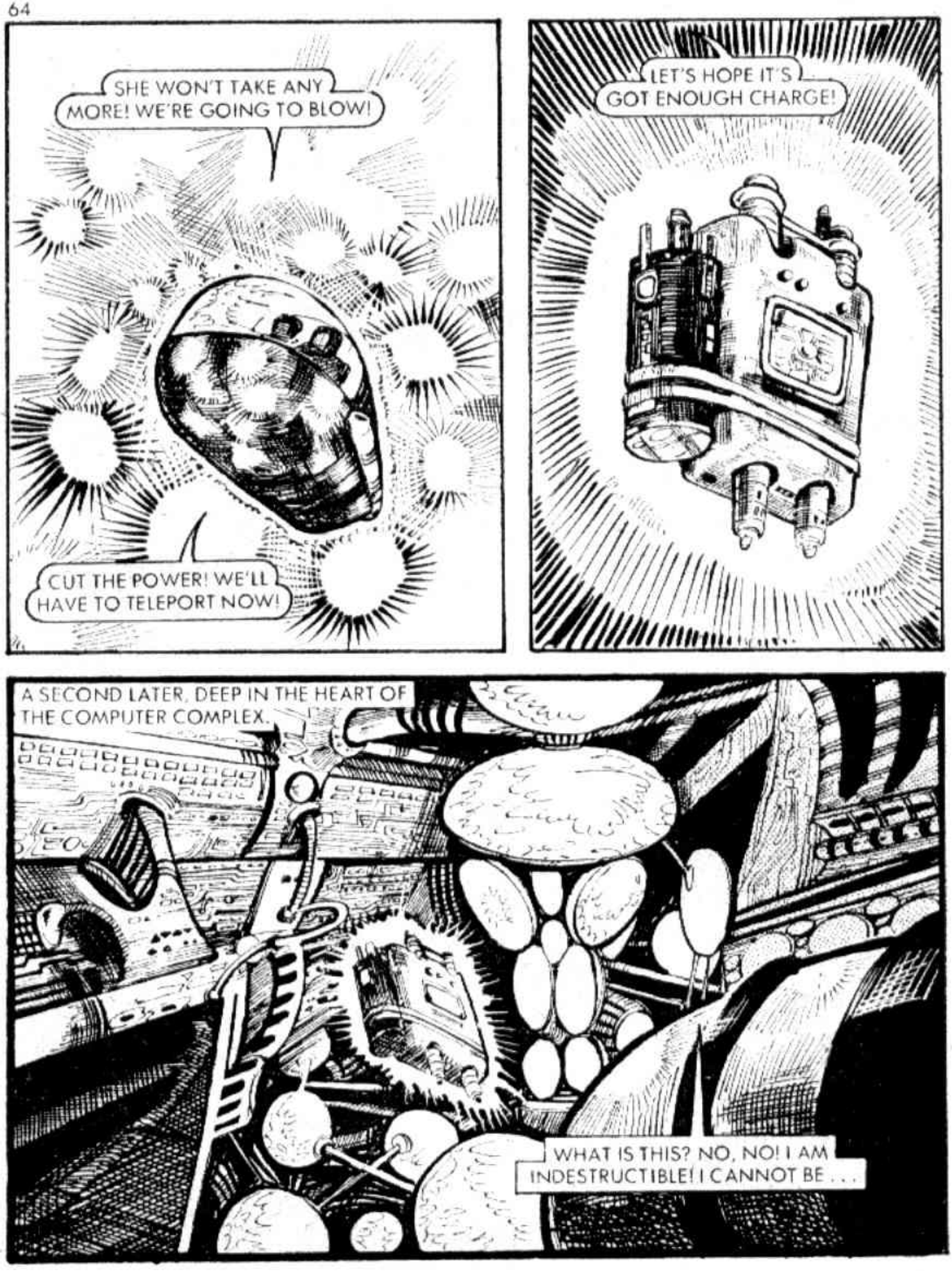
THAT'S A SPARE CHARGE FOR THE FUSION CANNON.
5840A
SUPPOSE WE FIX IT TO THE TELEPORTER SO THAT IT REMATERIALISES INSIDE THE COMPUTER.

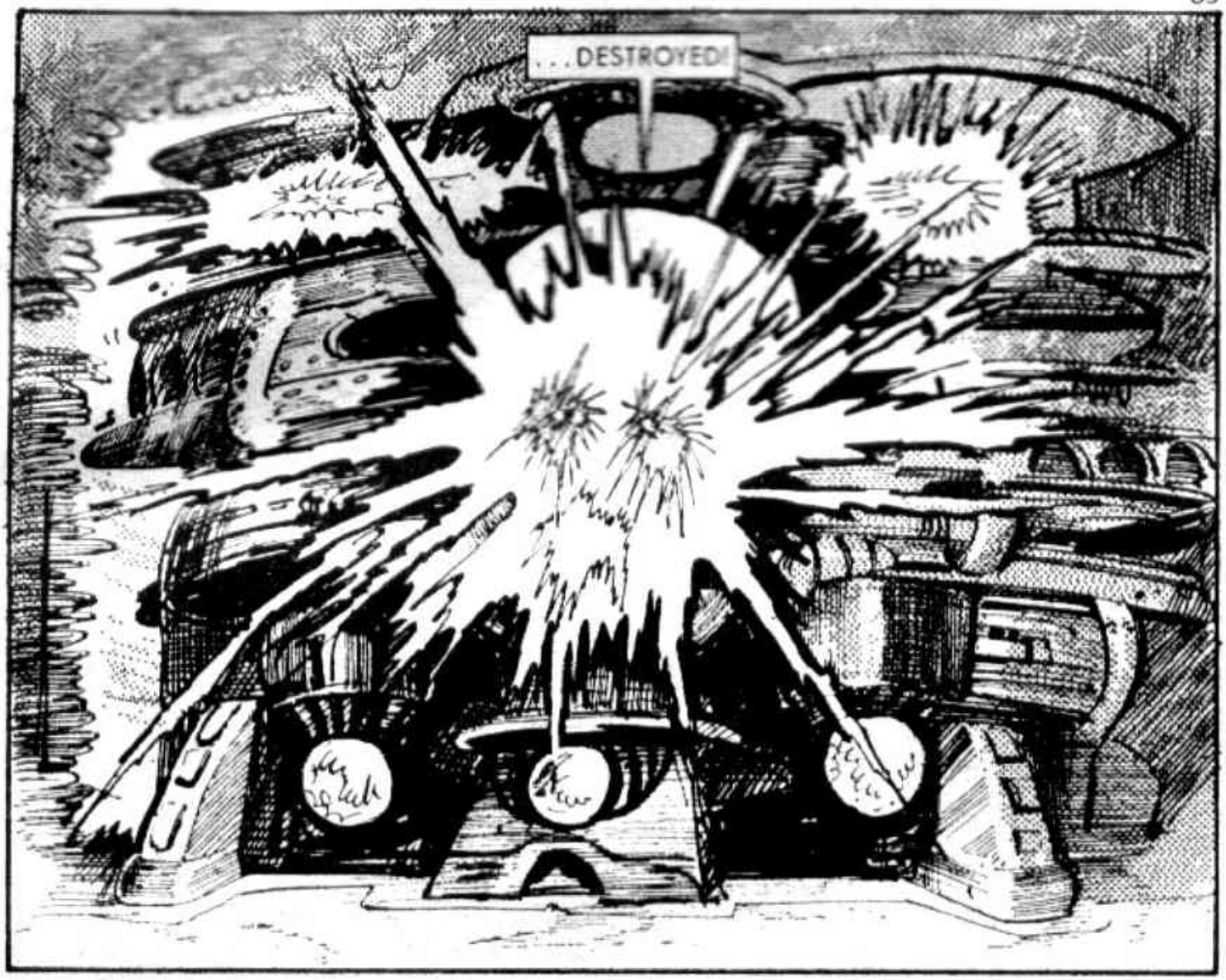
WE FIX THIS RING TO IT AS EXTRA INSURANCE TO GET IT PAST THE ENERGY SCREENS!
IT MIGHT JUST WORK. BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE TELEPORTER TO RE-CHARGE. AND WE MAY NOT HAVE TIME FOR THAT!

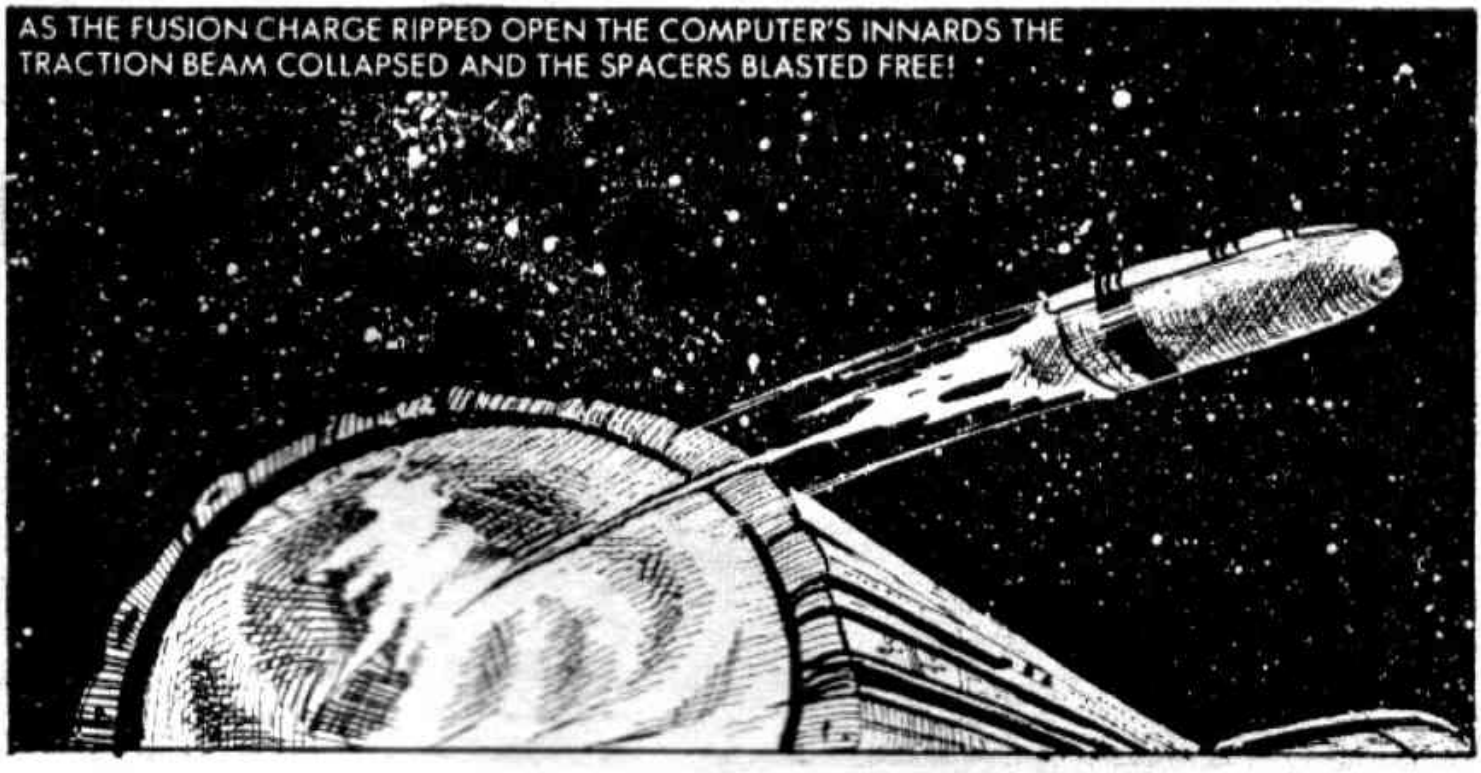
IT'S FOUND US!
WE'RE BEING DRAGGED BACK!

GIVE US MAXIMUM BURN! OVER-RIDE THE SAFETY TRIPS! WE MUST GAIN TIME!


THE LITTLE SHIP WAS SLOWLY AND SURELY DRAGGED BACK TOWARDS THE GREAT ENERGY FURNACE.


SHE WON'T TAKE ANY MORE! WE'RE GOING TO BLOW!
CUT THE POWER! WE'LL HAVE TO TELEPORT NOW!
LET'S HOPE IT'S GOT ENOUGH CHARGE!
A SECOND LATER, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE COMPUTER COMPLEX.
WHAT IS THIS? NO, NO! I AM INDESTRUCTIBLE! I CANNOT BE . . .


...DESTROYED!


AS THE FUSION CHARGE RIPPED OPEN THE COMPUTER'S INNARDS THE TRACTION BEAM COLLAPSED AND THE SPACERS BLASTED FREE!

THE EXPLOSION SET UP A CHAIN REACTION AND AS THE ENERGY FIELDS CONTAINING THE POWER RESERVOIRS FAILED THE ENTIRE MASSIVE VESSEL DISINTEGRATED.
WE FINALLY DID IT!
AND NOW WE'D BETTER ASK ZENNOX TO PICK US UP.
WHAT SHALL I SAY?
JUST TELL THEM THE TROUBLE'S BLOWN AWAY!

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STARBLAZERS
IN THE CONQUEST OF SPACE (13)

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